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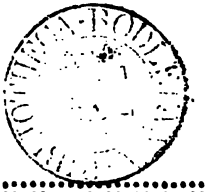
MISCELLANEOUS

POEMS.

By JOHN STAGG.



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PREFACE.

HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO THE

PUBLIC.

MY worthy friends, and candid benefactors, it is evident that when a man undertakes to ſubmit his ſentiments to the inſpection of the public eye, he muſt naturally ſuppoſe, that if the leaſt inaccuracy be found in his works, the whole compilation will be treated with the utmoſt rigour and virrulence, by thoſe formidable race of mortals who nominate themſelves Critics; yet to ſcreen myſelf, in ſome

ſure from the inclemency of thoſe gentlemen;—firſt, let them conſider, deliberately, the various diſadvantages under which I have laboured; but leſt they ſhould be ignorant thereof, I ſhall here make them acquainted with ſome of them:—*firſtly*, my want of liberal education; *ſecondly*, and worſt of all, my want of ſight, the which I was deprived of before I had attained a ſufficient age to know the real value of learning;—yet have I done all that laid in my power, ſince that fatal period, to improve and cultivate my mind in the purſuits of true erudition. Though this I did with the greateſt toil and difficulty, yet do I hope, thoſe worthy gentlemen and ladies, my ſubſcribers, will eaſily excuſe this multitude of errors

rors which may appear in my publication. What could the world expect from a poor blind illiterate mortal like me, not yet twenty years of age, labouring under all the diſadvantages of pinching poverty? It was neceſſity, bare neceſſity, not preſumption, which induced me to publiſh. I would not wiſh to be ranked amongſt the number of Poets, ſince that is a title of which I am quite unworthy.

"*Whoe'er thinks a faultleſs piece to ſee,*
"*Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er ſhall be.*"

The greateſt authors have their imperfections; but they are only like the the ſpots in the ſun, which contribute to diſplay, in a conſpicuous light, the ſplendor of the luminous body.—In bodies more opaque, thoſe ſpots would never

never have been diſcovered. To ſpeak without a metaphor, imperfections in an author, do not prove him to be totally deſtitute of merit; nor ought his compoſitions to be indiſcriminately contemned, becauſe ſome parts of them betray that imperfection which ſo emphatically mark human nature.

My motive for publiſhing, has already been anticipated in my former addreſs to the public.—I would, by no means, have it underſtood that I offer theſe attempts as maſter-pieces of the kind; I am neither ſo vain, nor ſo ignorant as to imagine it: my ſituation in life neceſſarily precludes me from making uſe of thoſe advantageous opportunities, ſo eſſentially requiſite for thoſe

thoſe who aim at elegant, ſpirited, and accurate compoſition.

Erronious bards may of their faults reveal,
Where others might the ſame defects conceal;
But imitating ſtill can ne'er pretend,
Thoſe rank defects and errors to tranſcend.
My want of education won't permit,
That I like Pope, *or* Milton, *ſhould have writ.*
I will not this deficiency lament,
If they'd but give the public mind content;
But yet I never need to hope they will,
Then hence I ſtand your humble ſervant ſtill.

JOHN STAGG.

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Captain Edward White, ditto
Mr. John Harden, ditto
Mr. John Adair, ditto
Mr. Jonathan Twentyman, ditto
Mr. John Outterſide, ditto
Mr. Henry Hull, ditto
Mr. John Wallace, ditto
Mr. Jonathan Thornthwaite, ditto
Mr. John Wallace, ditto
Mrs. Jane Wilſon, ditto
Mr. John Salkeld, ditto
Mr. John Bone, Seaton
Mr. William Boatt, Diſington
Mr. Abraham Dickſon, Harrington
Mr. Alexander Coutts, Whitehaven
Mr. John Lancaſter, ditto
Captain John Birkett, ditto
Mrs. Ann Bewley, ditto
Mr. Iſaac Drake, ditto
Miſs Hannah Wyley, ditto
Mr. Matthew Jackſon, ditto
Mr. William Luce, ditto
Mr. John Croſby, ditto
Mr. Daniel Meſſenger, ditto
Mr. John Tyſon, ditto
Mr. John Boylon Workington,

Mr. William Hodſon, ditto
Captain Edward Quine, ditto
Mr. William James, ditto
Mrs. C. Robinſon, ditto
Mr. William Milliken, ditto
Mr. William Patrickſon, Seaton Works
Mr. William Stenton, ditto
Mr. Joſeph Wheelwright, ditto
Mr. Alexander Pattin, Workington
Mr. Thomas Lindall, Seaton
Mr. James Watters, ditto
Mr. Shadrick Peat, ditto
Mr. Luke Kelſeck, ditto
Mr. James M'Dowall, ditto
Miſs Elizabeth Jackſon, ditto
Mr. Benjamin Hodſon, ditto
Mr. William Wallace, ditto
Mr. John Hetherton, ditto
Mr. John Peetre, ditto
Mr. John Murphy, ditto
Mr. Joſeph Perkin, ditto
Mrs. Lowrance, ditto
Mr. Michael Caſterſon, ditto
Mr. William Pool, ditto
Mr. Chriſtopher Cragg, ditto
Mr. Anthony Peat, ditto
Muſgrave Walker Eſq. Workington
Captain Joſeph Hall, ditto
Mr. Jeremiah Smith, ditto
Mr. Joſeph Prieſtman Jun, ditto

THE

T H E

FEMALE HERMIT.

FAR in the windings of a lonely ſhade
That ſeem'd for nought but contemplation made,
EUGENIA liv'd,—whoſe unaffected mein
Gave luſtre to the dark ſequeſter'd ſcene:
Deep in a moſs-grown cell, ſhe held her ſeat,
Secur'd from all the tumults of the great;
Love, and her Father's rage, had made her range,
And for the grot, the pompous Palace change.

A In

In youth ſhe ſtrove to fertilize her heart,
With all that wit and ſcience could impart,
Her cheek was beauteous as the bluſhing roſe,
Or all the colours nature can diſcloſe;
Becoming Majeſty adorn'd her frame,
Which rais'd in ev'ry breaſt a reſtleſs flame.
Long had young EDWIN ſought her love to gain,
Nor did the youth implore her love in vain,
Their hearts were kindled with a mutual flame,
But fear reſtrain'd his tongue, her ardour, ſhame;
She fear'd her loving father to offend,
Nor to expoſe her flame would condeſcend;
His love by baſhfulneſs was ſtill ſupreſt,
Which ſmother'd, thus burn'd fiercer in the breaſt.
Young EDWIN, by calamity unkind,
Had been to poverty's drear cell confin'd;
His father was CASTALIA, pride of ſwains,
Who fed his flocks on *Tempe*'s fertile plains,
But now reduc'd, diſconſolate and poor,
In quiet liv'd, upon the winding ſhore.
Soon as EUGENIA's father hears the news,
That poor CASTALIA's ſon his daughter ſues,
His ſoul with ſudden fury was poſſeſt,
Which gathered like a tempeſt in his breaſt,
For ſpite, and envy, never fail to raiſe
At virtuous minds, their prejudic'd eſſays;
What though young EDWIN had his love conceal'd,
Nor fair EUGENIA her's to him reveal'd,

Yet

Yet baſe ſuſpecting minds the truth preſage,
And kindle for their own, the father's rage,
Thus men who ſee their rival's ſpreading fame,
And conſcious of their own deſerving ſhame,
Seek with detraction to repel the blaze,
And ſtrain with ſtigmas meritorious praiſe;
So do the rivals of young EDWIN ſtrive
To ſpoil the bliſs at which they can't arrive;
Warn'd by his fanci'd friends, the cautious ſire,
Each effort tries, reſentment can inſpire;
At length a bark they find,—young EDWIN's bound
To plough the vaſt Atlantic main profund,
To fight the foes in diſtant climes unknown,
But home-bred foes can be excell'd by none.
Soon as EUGENIA heard her love was fled,
And all her future expectations dead,
Her heart with palpitating ſorrow heav'd,
She fill'd the room with cries, ſhe ſigh'd, ſhe griev'd,
Ah, cruel unrelenting ſire, ſhe cry'd,
Can nothing ſatisfy thy boundleſs pride?
But thus, two inauſpicious hearts to ſlay
But paſſion prompts me, and I will obey;
Although you think to aggravate your ſtore,
And by my marriage to augment your ore,
Yet I will ſtrive to fruſtrate this deſign,
If love with reſolution can combine.
She ſaid, and penſive paſs'd the noiſy town,

Led by the luſtre of the midnight moon,
Till in a gloomy grove, a cave ſhe found,
With tall and ſpreading elms emboſom'd round ;
High on one ſide a rugged mountain roſe,
Down which a ſmall caſcade inceſſant flows ;
Before the grot, acroſs yon verdant plain,
Impetuous foam'd the loud reſounding main,
On whoſe lone winding beach ſhe'd often ſtray,
And contemplate the labours of the day.
Once as ſhe ſtray'd, with various woes oppreſt,
Her cares revolving in her lab'ring breaſt,
The dictates of misfortune fir'd her tongue,
And thus in ſtrains ſublime, the heav'nly Hermit ſung :

" O fate unkind, and deſtiny ſevere,
" Why am I doom'd to do this penance here ?
" Far from ſociety to ſpend my days,
" Unknowing, and unknown to human ways ;
" A father's tenderneſs, a lover's truth,
" Thou wrath of age, thou weakneſs of my youth,
" With all the vaſt embarraſments of life,
" 'Tis theſe that have invers'd my peace to ſtrife ;
" O what fantaſtic fools are women kind !
" How deaf, how dumb, how ignorant, how blind ;
" How deaf to all the councils reaſon lends,
" How dumb, at the perſuaſion of our friends ;

" How

" How blind in the capricious mind of man,
" Our future, by our preſent joys to ſcan ;
" How ſoon perſuaded, and how ſoon ſubdu'd,
" When men with flatt'ring wiles, our hearts intrude ;
" What frenzy fires the ſoul of woman-kind,
" What ſtrange infatuation of the mind ;
" Yet ſure my ſwain was true, I need not doubt,
" Though fortune has indignant caſt him out,
" His principles were pure, I can believe,
" His heart was made too virtuous to deceive,
" But why, if he was virtuous, whence proceeds
" This wrath of fate, that him ungrateful leads
" Through all the mazy labyrinth of Life,
" In one perpetuated run of ſtrife,
" Yet Heav'n is wiſe, and works but for the good,
" If his unknown decrees were underſtood,
" Vice ſtill is fearful of a future woe,
" The virtuous ſeek no more than what they " know ;
" Though guilty ſtill with anxious cares are preſt,
" The truly good alone are truly bleſt.
While thus ſhe ſung, a ſound aſſail'd her ear,
That gave portent of ſome new ſorrows near,
She gaz'd around, when o'er the foaming flood,
A wretch ſhe view'd, who groan'd, and ghaſtly ſtood ;

She

She fear'd her female charms ſhould be reveal'd,
But that her hermit garb her ſex conceal'd.
Soon as the wretch a human form beheld,
His boſom ſeem'd with new-born torments fill'd,
Then headlong falls from off the craggy ſteep,
And falling, plunges in the copious deep.
EUGENIA ſhriek'd, and to aſſiſt him ran,
To ſave, with timely aid, the ſinking man,
The toſſing billows bare him up on high,
As though unwilling there to let him die;
She ſnatch'd and drag'd him to the ſhelving ſhore,
And thus began his fortune to explore;
" Say, ſtranger, ſay, what urg'd thy frantic ſoul,
" Thus the great laws of reaſon to controul?
" Why thus to ruſh unſummon'd to the throne,
" Of him whoſe wrath you never could attone?
" Is life ſo long you cannot live it out,
" Or that futurity you can miſdoubt?
" To launch into the vaſt unbounded main,
" Of everlaſting joy, or endleſs pain;
" And could a crime equivolent with this,
" Expect, nay, even hope, forfuture bliſs?
" Know, the Great Pow'r who form'd this pon-
" d'rous ball,
" Who ſees with equal eye, and governs all,
" Will not excuſe pretended cauſe of woe,
" Since only this from his command we know,

The

" The dark decrees of fate are in his ſight,
" For what th' Almighty pow'r commands is right,
" Dare not his great commiſſions to diſpiſe,
" For thoſe whom he eſteems he will chaſtiſe;
" As ſtars in night their brighteſt luſtre ſhew,
" So man ſhines brighteſt when involv'd in woe,
" Woe lights the languid ſoul and bids her view,
" Wonders at home before ſhe never knew;
" The body always in a healthful ſtate,
" Forgets itſelf, its God, and future fate,
" It revels unreſtrain'd in all exceſs,
" And thinks the preſent more than future bliſs,
" Till fell misfortune turn the idler home,
" There to expatiate in a life to come,
" It is contrary to the rules of fate,
" To live for ever in the pleaſant ſtate.
" But ſay, what urg'd thee to this bold attempt?
" Art thou from every ſocial joy exempt,
" Or has the blind miſguiding hand of love,
" Made thee deſponding thus thy raſhneſs prove?
The ſound of love had touch'd the dying man;
He ſigh'd, and thus with quiv'ring tongue began;
" Full true you ſolve the ſources of my grief,
" Could you as eaſily procure relief,
" But hopes are vain;—my fair EUGENIA's gone,
" All pleaſures now are pall'd,—all joys are flown.

Soon

Soon as EUGENIA heard her conſcious name,
Her cheeks were colour'd o'er with bluſhing ſhame,
" And art thou then," ſhe cry'd, " my EDWIN
" dear?
" My faithful ſwain! my paragon ſincere!
Known by her fair, now recollected charms,
The youth impatient, flew into her arms:—
" Ye god's be prais'd," he cry'd, " my griefs are
" o'er!
" My ſorrows fly, my ſuff'rings are no more!
" In poverty's drear cell, with thee my wife,
" Content I'll dwindle out my future life,
" In deep contrition for my paſt offence,
" Till heav'n ſhall pleaſe to waft my ſpirit hence.

An ODE,

On the RECOVERY of HIS MAJESTY.

HAIL, ye Parnaſſian Nine! deſcend and ſing;
Breathe freſh inſtructions to the warbling lyre,
Awake to muſic each harmonious ſtring,
And let the tuneful throng reſpire;
Through heav'n and earth, through air and main,
Be this the univerſal ſtrain,—
God ſave great George, defend his ſacred head,
And all the joys of heav'n on him profuſely ſhed.

No more ſhall wrongful tyrants hope his fall,
But diſappointments baffle their deſires,
He lives!—his baſe invaders to appall,
And to extinguiſh faction's fires,
Let Fame her brazen trumpet ſound,
And ſpread the joyful tidings round;

Whilſt Peace diſplays her olive on high,
And with obſequious ſmiles, hails Britain's Majeſty.

See wide expanding o'er th' etherial plain,
Heav'n's glorious enſign waving in the wind,
Indulgent to great GEORGE's peaceful reign,
As though the plaudit heaven deſign'd;
Health round his regal temples flies,
Salubrious exhalations riſe,
Whilſt hoſts of guardian angels throng to ſhare,
With envious pride, their parts in this unuſual care.

Rouſe—rouſe ye ſons of Albion's happy iſle,
Let patriot virtue animate your ſouls;
What loyal briton would refuſe to ſmile,
When joy the pow'r of grief controul?
Let loud reſounding cannons roar,
And art her inmoſt ſchemes explore,
And find new ſubjects for her ſons to ſing,
To GEORGE's loud applauſe, her Patronage and King!

Fame ſounds around the world her loud alarms,
Deep terror ſtrikes his foes,—his friends rejoice,
Unuſual ardour ev'ry boſom warms,
And gladneſs charms in every voice;
Well pleas'd to ſee their Monarch live,
And the ſtern ſtorms of fate ſurvive,

With

With zealous hearts, they hope his better reign,
And pray his life devoid of interrupting pain.

May Heav'n incline to hear a nations pray'r,
That ſprings from ardent loyalty and truth,
To make our Monarch thy peculiar care,
And guard his age firm as his youth;
May peace and plenty round him flow,
With all the joys mankind can know,
Bleſt with content, long life, and health, and then
May he attain eternal joy for evermore,—*Amen.*

CUPID TURN'D PAINTER.

A PANEGYRIC on Miſs HENRIETTA R——

ONCE tir'd with heavenly joys, the God of Love,
Left the imperial courts and realms of Jove,
Far diſtant from the empire of the Gods,
He ſought retirement in theſe low abodes;
Reſolv'd in painting to employ his ſkill,
And try alike, the pencil and the quill;
His bow unſtrung, neglected, on the ground
Was laid, with all his arrows ſcatter'd round.

And as the God was patronage of love,
To imitate thoſe ſchemes he chiefly ſtrove;
Each old intrigue with curious eyes he view'd,
And now in modern characters renew'd.
Here *Piramus* with lovely *Thiſbe* ſighs,
And curſes what their wiſh'd for bliſs denies;
Whilſt ſighs like vapours ſmoke along the wall,
Which by unſeen degrees to nothing fall.
Here fair *Europa* with her waving train,
On Heav'n's high bull, triumphant ſtems the main.
Here mighty *Jove* enjoys his Theſbian dame,
And wrongs the huſband in the huſband's name.
Here young *Narciſſus* fraught with folly's fires,
On the ſmooth lake his ſelf-lov'd form admires;
He ſighs, he pines, yet courts the fleeting ſhade,
And for himſelf, he ſlights the pining maid.
High o'er the foaming flood, fair *Sappho* mourns,
Her tender heart for faithleſs *Phaon* burns;
Juſt in the act to fall, the virgin ſtands,
And to the Gods lifts her upbraiding hands:
Whilſt thus the ever buſy God of Love,
Employ'd his ſkill; bright *Venus* from above
Deſcends with haſte impetuous from her throne,
And thus, in extacy, accoſts her ſon:—
O thou, to whom the proudeſt tyrants bow,
Whoſe pow'r the mighty Gods themſelves allow;
If ever I deſerv'd thy filial care,
Hear, and comply, with this my earneſt pray'r:

At once forbear to paint each ancient ſcheme,
The moderns yield a more deſerving theme;
For late as o'er fair CUMBRIA's plains I ſtray'd,
To view the beauties which old earth diſplay'd,
And paſſing careleſly on Eden's ſhore,
To ſee thoſe beauties here, unſeen before;
A form ſuperior my attention drew,
Which ſeem'd a rival *Venus* to my view;
Tall and majeſtic, as the wife of *Jove*,
Whilſt from her eye-balls beam'd reſiſtleſs love,
Her cheeks in hue, tranſcend the bluſhing roſe,
Or all the colours India can diſcloſe;
Her lips were choral red, which fires impart,
That conflagrating ſpread in ev'ry heart;
Her breaſt like marble, gently ſeem'd to move,
Warm'd with emotions of tranſporting love;
But what ſimilitude can fancy find,
To paint the picture of her halcyon mind?
Here ſentiments refin'd, ideas pure,
Senſations fine, and reſolution ſure,
With all the virtues of the human breaſt,
In one great compilation ſtood conteſs'd.
Try then, my ſon, to paint this form divine,
No longer thus attempt each rude deſign.
Thus ſpoke bright *Venus* to the infant God;—
Others return'd her with a ſorrowing nod;
Alas, too well I know the matchleſs dame,
Her epithets are not unſung by *Fame*,

Not

Not *Phœbus'* ſelf, with all his efforts join'd,
Could draw thoſe charms, excluſive of her mind.
The taſk is left to *Fame* herſelf to ſound,
With brazen trump, her lofty plaudits round;
In vain ſhall Poets ſing, and Painters try,
To counterfeit her matchleſs dignity,
The work too great for mortal hands to make,
Immortal pow'rs, the buſineſs undertake;
Then *Fame* deprive thy heralds of reſtraint,
And ſay, not *Cupid's* ſelf, her charms can paint!

June 12th, 1789.

On FORTITUDE.

HAIL, Heav'nly FORTITUDE! thou Godlike pow'r,
With dauntleſs ſoul, the hero's firmeſt ſhield,
Where ſtaunch direction guides the doubting heart,
To ſtem the ſea of life, and all its woes:
Come thou, and lighten my tenebrious ſoul,
Diſpell thoſe gloomy doubts that ſtand impreſt
Deep in the mind, and fix the firm reſolve,
The reſolution which can never ſhrink;

When

When charg'd by ſuperſtition, or depreſt
By the ſtern ſtorms of over-bearing fate,
Retrieve the ſoul from her impending woe,
And bear her back victorious to herſelf,
There to anticipate futurity,
And in a moment ſcan ten thouſand years.
O baſe, inglorious man, who would repine
At every laſh calamity extends,
And daſtardly to ſeek each ſubterfuge,
To paliate the baſeneſs of his guilt.—
Oh, ſhame! and ſcandal to ſociety,
Shall man thus puſillanimous exult
In FORTITUDE uſurp'd, or ſtrength bely'd,
Yet ſtagger at the mere report of woe.
Brave FORTITUDE, like heav'n, ſtill ſtands ſecure,
Unmov'd by paſſion, reaſon, or revenge.
When through the purpl'd field the hero wades,
To graſp thoſe laurels fortune ne'er ſhall give,
The hoarſe reſounding voice of waſteful war
Rings in his ears, with ſoul alarming yells,
Whilſt hoſtile legions cloſe envelop round,
And brave him to the fight with all their ſpears:—
Yet FORTITUDE ſtill ſtimulates his courſe,
And ſafely ſhields him from projected fate.
The brave man's ſoul but only ſinks in death,
Till then, his ſpirits ne'er are ſeen to flag.
So 'tis with me, determin'd and reſolv'd,
Through all the ſtern viciſſitudes of life,

To

To fortify with FORTITUDE, my ſoul,
Tho' fortune laſh me to the loweſt ſpoke,
Of all her wheel, and drag me through the ſloughs
Of fell adverſity, and keeneſt woe;
Yet ſtill my ſoul, ſerene, and undiſturb'd,
Shall bravely ſtem the toſſing ſtorms of fate,
By thy indemnity ſecurely moor'd,
Far from the reach of timidating care,
On the firm ſhore of halcyon FORTITUDE.

AN

OCCASIONAL PARAPHRASE,

ON THE 109 PASLM.

O PATRON of my pray'r, hold not thy peace,
Whilſt the ungodly thus their power increaſe,
For they environ me with fury round,
And burden me with crimes where none are found;
Each runs on me with wide extended mouth,
Whilſt all their judgments are devoid of truth;
'Tis for my love they thus embarraſs me,
But all my confidence is fix'd in thee;

Thus

Thus have they evil for my good return'd,
And my eſteem with baſeſt treatment ſpurn'd;
Let the ungodly all his works command,
And place *Beelzebub* at his dexter hand;
In judgment let his puniſhments begin,
And his petitions terminate in ſin;
Short be his paſſage through the world to make,
And let another man his functions take.
Let all his children fatherleſs complain,
His wife a widow treated with diſdain;
With fruitleſs tears his ſons ſhall beg their bread,
And the unfertle wilds ſucceſsleſs tread;
Let the extortioner poſſeſs his gains,
And the rude ſtranger ſpoil his former pains;
Let every heart be harden'd at his woe,
Nor pity to his fireleſs children ſhew;
Let his poſterity be loſt to fame,
In the next race to exterpate his name;
His father's ſin, his mother's wicked ways,
Shall not unminded paſs before thy face;
And that becauſe his mind was bent on ill,
The poor embarras'd helpleſs man to kill;
As curſing pleas'd him to the very heart,
Allow to him that moſt peculiar part;
As bleſſing was the leaſt of his delight,
So let his portion equally be ſlight;

With oaths, and imprecations he was bound,
Like robes that guard the pompous monarch round;
In his opprobrious bowels it ſhall boil,
Like water, and fomentuous bones like oil;
Let it be like the cloths that him ſurround,
Or like the zone with which his loins are bound;
Let God thus perſecute my enemies,
And they that block my ſoul with envious lies;
But ſpare me Lord according to thy grace,
And let me mercy find before thy face;
Deliver me, and ſend me quick redreſs
To eaſe my ſoul engulph'd in deep diſtreſs;
I vaniſh like the fleeting ſhade with day,
Or like the graſhopper am chair'd away;
My trembling knees will ſcarce ſupport my frame,
Each wither'd part nutricious juices claim;
Reproachfully became baſe and forlorn,
And they that ſaw me ſhook their heads in ſcorn;
Help me, O God with mercy thou command,
That they may know this is thy powerful hand;
What tho' they curſe let bleſſings Lord redound,
And my oppoſers in their wrath confound;
That ſo thy ſervant may in ſtrength rejoice,
And glory give to thee with glad'ning voice.

A COM-

A COMPLIMENT.

NOW comes at laſt the long expected theme,
Of fond benevolence, and generous fire;
Prompted by gratitude, and warmeſt zeal,
Greater is the argument, but greater ſtill,
The aims at which th' ambitious muſe aſpires,
Great as the mind of man can comprehend;
But how ſhall I the theme purſue
To its original, and have thro' all
The various windings that compel my ſoul
To pay her tribute at her Patron's feet;
Excuſe my impotence, ſince heav'n alone
Has made me what I'm, and that for you,
If your ſupreme authority command,
Supreme, I ſay, for 'tis ſupreme, or me,
Or ought to be, if gratitude can ſway
The human boſom, or reception find
Within the intellectual cabinet.
O gratitude! thou grand embelliſhment
Of human glory,—ornamental good,
Who makes the man, tho' deep engulph'd in woe,
Sepremely great and grand.—I owe thee much,
What are the fawning airs, the blandiſhments,
The crying ſycophant can e'er protect,
Compar'd with thee, ſource of ſincerity?

Benevolence thy ſire,—thy mother truth ;—
And patroniz'd by powerful providence.
The grateful man ne'er ſeeks a friend in vain,
On him the eye of pity ever ſmiles,
Whilſt the foul ingrate on the other hand,
In keen calamity unpitied ſtands ;
Great is the contract 'twixt the two extremes.
But to myſelf : can I e'er compenſate,—
E'er compenſate thoſe favours done to me,
By you, my lib'ral friends ; know all eſſays
Which I can make, are ineffectual ;
Abortive as the means which *Triton*'s ſon's,
In days of yore, as ancient bards relate,
Made it their pride, to ſcale the walls of heav'n ;
Let this ſtill ſuffice, that I acknowledge ſtill
My ample debt, in which immerg'd by you
I ſtand your ſervant, and eternal friend ;
Know then this truth, and on the maxim reſt,
The truly good, alone, are truly bleſt.

The DOBSONIAD.

THE days were ſhort, the roads were pretty dry,
And Chriſtmas with its cheer was drawing nigh,
As in my chair beſide the fire I ſat
Diſcourſing with a friend on this and that;
But tir'd at length with muſing thus on nought,
My way acroſs the parlour floor I ſought;
I bruſh'd my hat and coat, and black'd my ſhoes,
I ty'd my ſtock, and garter'd up my hoſe,
Towards CARLISLE I bent my tardy way,
To hear the great guns fire, and muſic play;
At length I reach'd the ſuburbs of that town,
Whoſe walls, 'tis ſaid, King John their founder own;
I ſtroll'd about, nor knew for what I ſought,
And humm'd o'er Chevy Chaſe for want of thought.
At length by chance I roam'd up Fiſher-ſtreet,
And who the D—l ſhould I chance to meet?
But a young Pedagogue, with looks ſevere,
Strutting along like a French Chevalier!
Beneath his arms a pair of globes he held,
His pockets too with various books were fill'd,
Which now and then he grop'd with great delight,
To feel if ev'ry volume yet was right;
With haughty ſtride the ſtranger ſtretch'd along,
As quite regardleſs of the preſſing throng;

When

When ſmiling to myſelf, thought I, egad!
This man's ſure either lunatic or mad,
To venture thus alone in powder'd robes,
Amidſt a mob, with pamphlets, books, and globes!
He ſtalk'd along and left the ſtaring crowd,
And in the entrance of an alley ſtood.
I took occaſion in this private place,
To take a nearer poſpect of his face;
I view'd his face and air moſt circumſpect,
And now methought that I could recollect
Something in him that I before had ſeen,
But could not rightly tell where it had been;
I ſcratch'd my head, and puzz'led for a while,
When recollecting, with a leering ſmile,
I grinn'd, and ſaid, full well I know the fop,
Nor need I longer here ſuſpended ſtop.
When now my buſineſs in the town was o'er,
For Burgh I ſnap'd my courſe once more.
And now my worthy readers if you pleaſe,
When ſafe arriv'd at home, and plac'd at eaſe,
I'll here deſcribe to you this motly beau,
Whom late I ſaw make ſuch a ſplendid ſhew.
'Twas in the month October or November,
The time I can't exactly now remember,
From Warwick-Hall, a train of Nimrods came,
To ſcour the country in purſuit of game,
'Squire CHRISTIAN at their head, a worthy man,
With ſeveral other yeomen in the van,

A clam'rous tumult follows in the rear,
Who o'er the country like a torrent bear ;
The trumpets ſound, each ſpurn'd his rapid horſe,
Which, prancing foam'd quite eager for the courſe,
Along the fields they fly with fearleſs ſpeed,
Each ſpurring, as he rides, his tardy ſteed,
The hounds impatient queſt and ſcent the air,
The huntſman now deſcries the trembling hare ;
And now freſh ſhouts increaſe the clam'rous noiſe
Of " Have a care, the hare, and d—mn you boys."
Ah, haſte poor puſs, avoid the fatal way,
Soon ſhall the hounds the panting victim ſlay.
I, as I view'd the ſame ſat cloſe immur'd
Within my ſtudy, from the mob ſecur'd,
With my Amanuenſis cloſe at hand,
To ſcribble ſentences at my command ;—
But let me not this interpoſe delay,
Soon ſhall the pen the pedagogue diſplay :—
The hunt was finiſh'd, and each perſon rode
To their reſpective places of abode ;
When with imperious air this motley fool,
In haſte came domineering to our ſchool,
There iſſu'd orders for a holiday,
And bade us quick diſperſe without delay !
" Why prithee ſir, ſaid I, what means this din !
" By what authority are you come in ?
" That you thus order us in haughty tone,
" I'd have you let ſuch offices alone :—

" Know

" Know then that ſtudy's all that we deſire,
" But to ſurpaſs ingenious we aſpire ;
" Then hence begone, nor ſtun us with your prate,
" For if you ſtay, more hard will be your fate."—
But friend, ſays he, if you but knew my worth,
You'd more eſteem my company henceforth ;
Know then that PETER PINDAR is my name !
I from the town of London lately came ;
In muſic I moſt people far excell,
And can compoſe a rhyme extremely well.
When ſmiling to myſelf, as thus he ſpoke,
" By Jove, ſays I, you lie, or elſe you joke ;
" I wonder in my ſoul, how you for ſhame,
" Could thus contrive to counterfeit a name,
" Which does your own as far, good ſir, ſurpaſs,
" As the huge elephant outſtrips the aſs."
Soon as the fop heard this ſimilitude,
My face with a contemptuous leer he view'd,
This done, he ſlunk in ſilence o'er the floor,
Then bid good night, went out, and ſhut the door.

HORACE,

HORACE, ODE 9th, BOOK 1ſt,

TRANLSATED.

THITHER, O *Thaliarchus*, turn your eyes,
And view at once with wonder and ſurprize!
Look yonder, where the drifts of rigid ſnow
Lie ſcatter'd thick on bleak *Soracte*'s brow!
Or ſee you not thoſe trees which downward bend,
With the white flakes that on their boughs depend?
The rapid running rivers now are ſtaid,
Arreſted by the froſt, aſleep they're laid.—
May the northern evils far retire,
Recruit with faggots the conſuming fire,
Pour forth the produce of the gen'rous vine,
And make the ſabine caſk it's ſtore reſign;
Leave all the reſt to the celeſtial pow'rs,
Who ruſe, juſt as they will, this world of ours;
Who now like mountains toſs the foaming ſeas,
And the next moment all is huſh'd in peace.—
Let not the future time thy peace annoy,
But what to-day affords, content enjoy,

Nor with a ſhy ſimplicity evade,
A ſweet amour, or pleaſing maſquerade,
Until moroſs old age thy ſtrength envade.
Now ſhould the field and place of public ſhew,
And dark intrigues where midnight lovers go,
Where ſighs unnumber'd mix with common air,
Be all attended with exacteſt care;
And now the youth detects the hiding maid,
By her own titt'ring laughter ſoon betray'd;
And now the jocund nymph the pledge reſigns,
Which from her yielding arms her lover twines.

An ACROSTIC on ADVERSITY.

AH thou ſtern daughter of almighty jove!
Due ſcourge of nations whom no pray'rs can move:
Vain is our graſp, when with thy ample hand,
Enrag'd thou ſcourgeſt this our fleeting band.
Rude as the foaming deep, thy looks appear,
Stern threats denounc'd that damp the ſoul with fear,

Thence

I hence no more on fortunes ſmiles rely,
Thus with reſounding acclamations cry,
Ye nations hear, and fear *Adverſity.*

VIRGIL, ECLOGUE 7th,

TRANSLATED.

MELIBEUS, CORYDON, THYRSIS.

MELIBEUS.

BENEATH an oak that whiſper'd with the wind,
Lay *Daphnis*, once in ſolitude reclin'd,
Whilſt *Corydon*, and *Thyrſis* both repair,
To join their ſhaggy herds and fleecy care,
The lovely youths are both arcadian ſwains,
Both us'd alike to chant their ſylvan ſtrains.
Thither the father of my goat had ſtroul'd,
Whilſt I ſecur'd my myrtles from the cold,
I ſaw the ſhepherd *Daphnis* in the ſhade,
He ſaw me too, and thus with tranſport ſaid,—

O comely youth, haſte, hither bend thy way,
Thy kids and goats are ſafe, lo, here they ſtay!
Sit down by me, and ſpend the mid-day hour,
Beneath the covert of this cooling bow'r,
There Mincius thro' the valley murm'ring glides,
The ſlender reeds adorn its winding ſides,
Thither thy ſteers will come to taſte the brook,
And bees fly humming round the ſacred oak;
What could I do?—*Alcippe* was from home,
Nor *Phillis* to attend my lambs had come;
All buſineſs I poſtpon'd with dull delay,
To hear the ſhepherds ſing their ruſtic lay;
They then begun to ſing alternate ſtrains,
For ſo the muſes had inſpir'd the ſwains.

CORYDON.

Beotian nymphs inſpire my raptur'd breaſt,
With ſtrains like thoſe which *Codrus* ſtill poſſeſs'd,
Who next *Apollo* ſang, or let my lute
Hang o'er the ſacred pine, for ever mute.

THYRSIS.

Arcadian ſwains my brow with ivy bind,
Till *Codrus'* guts may be with envy twin'd,

Or

Or if he praiſe, with bacear rub my brow,
To ſhield me from thoſe ills which may enſue.

CORYDON.

O *Delia*, *Mican* now thy ſhrine adorns,
With the boar's head and ſtag's wide branching horns,
If this were mine, thy image ſhould be made,
Of marble-ſtone, with purple buſkins clad.

THYRSIS.

O *Priapus*, thou guardian god, receive
This early gift of milk and cakes I give,
Thy image now is ſtone, but if my fold
Increaſe, e'er long it ſhall be made of gold.

CORYDON.

O *Galatæa*, goddeſs moſt ſublime,
White as the ſwan, ſweet as the mountain thyme,
Straight as the poplar, as the bole erect,
Come charm my boſom, and my ſoul inſpect,
Come when my flocks at night ſhall homeward ſtray,
And crown the midnight feaſt, and morn delay.

THIRSIS.

THYRSIS.

Let me appear as abject in thy eyes,
As wreck that on the rocks deſerted lies,
Or meagre and deform'd as him who chews,
Sardinian herbs, his gaping chops to cloſe;
Let this deformity afflict thy ſwain,
If thy departure ſhall not give me pain,
Hence from the fields deny the flocks of meat,
Your ſtrait mouth'd maſter has no pow'r to eat.

CORYDON.

Ye moſſy rills, and ſleep, thou ſcource of dreams,
Ye tow'ring trees that ſhade thoſe limpid ſtreams,
From ſummer's ſcorching heat my flock defend,
All ready do the grapes their branches bend.

THYRSIS.

Freſh heaps of fuel on our fires are ſtow'd,
And ſpreading fires illuminate the wood,
We fear no more the ſtorm which us involves,
Then ſtreams their banks, or lambs are fre'd by wolves.

CORYDON.

The rip'ning cheſnuts now the branches load,
And fruit and berries on the earth are ſtrow'd,
Here laviſh nature round profuſely pours,
Upon the fertile earth her plenteous ſtores;
But if *Alexis* ſhould forſake this plain,
Soon ſhall the ſcorching ſun thoſe channels drain.

THYRSIS.

The parched graſs and corn in tufts are knit,
Nor can the wither'd vines their buds emit;
But if fair *Phillis* once more bleſs the plain,
Nature ſhall reſume her wonted grace again.

CORYDON.

Alcides near the poplar tree appears,
Whilſt the yet greener bays *Apollo* wears;
Beneath the vine is jolly *Bacchus* laid,
Whilſt *Venus* ſingles out the myrtle ſhade;
With hazle, *Phillis* doth her hair adorn,
Nor bays, nor myrtle wreaths, by her are worn,
But if ſhe chuſe that common wreath to wear,
Nor bays, nor myrtles, ſhall with her's compare.

THYRSIS.

THYRSIS.

The lofty aſh, moſt beautious of the plain,
Pines gardens grace, and poplars by the main,
But if fair *Lycidas* will hear my pray'r,
And oft to theſe deſerted plains repair,
To him the lofty aſh yield on the plain,
And garden pines and poplars by the main.

MELIBEUS.

Freſh in my mind theſe verſes I retain,
When conquer'd *Thyrſis* did contend in vain,
Young CORYDON, I ſay, unvanquiſh'd reigns,
Without a rival, Glory of thoſe Plains.

On SCANDAL;

TO A YOUNG LADY.

AT your command, dear lady, I compoſe,
This doubtful theme, which you ſo anxious choſe,
But what, on this occaſion, ſhall I ſay,
How teach, and turn the fond caprecious lay?

To

To treat on *Scandal* I my thoughts employ,
An evil, heav'n or time, could ne'er deſtroy.
Yet let me cautiouſly the plan purſue,
Nor ſtray too far, but keep the theme in view;
To ſhun lampooning taunts that give offence,
For ſoon it may be deem'd impertinence,
Since critics are ſo rank in ev'ry age,
'Tis hard, a public audience to engage,
How oft miſtakes are deem'd impertinence,
And baſhfulneſs appears to give offence,
Since 'tis on earth alone, by outward ſhew,
Men judge of real happineſs or woe;
How many fictious likelyhoods appear,
All falſe preſented, nor is one ſincere?
How oft is falſhood in truth's garb array'd,
Too oft ſhe counterfeits the heav'nly maid?
More ready do mankind her tales receive,
Then to the voice of truth, attention give,
Scandal, the greateſt evil of our age,
Appears inſcrib'd in every folding page,
Fame, too, with open mouth, unwearied flies,
With tongues that ne'er ceaſe, and voice that ne'er
dies;
When thro' the purpl'd fields the hero wades,
To diſtant realms unknown, his fame ſhe ſpreads,

Or where the captive groaning in his chains,
Oppreſs'd with grief, and agonizing pains,
Here too, ſhe plays her part with airy wing,
And haunts alike the captive and the King ;
If by her tongue, our characters were ſtain'd,
'Twas eaſy loſt, 'tis hard to be regain'd,
Yet feebler women moſt her tongue aſſails,
And them degrades with her miſchevious tales,
'Tis hard the fair ſhould ſuffer thus the moſt,
Leaſt able to retrieve what they have loſt ;
But ſince the phantom with eternal reign,
The eaſieſt way to free us from her chain,
Is this, to be for ever on our guard,
And ſtill each growing ſin betimes retard.

IMITA-

IMITATION OF HORACE,

ODE 5th, BOOK II.

INSCRIBED TO THE REVEREND MR. S———

PARSON, your Miſs I fear is yet too young,
Nor know what yet to marriage does belong,
She's unacquainted what it is to wed,
Nor know th' encounters of the bridal bed;—
Poſtpone awhile, kind ſir, your illtim'd joys,
She'll not yet underſtand your wooing noiſe,
Let her amongſt her ſchool-mates yet remain,
To gather flowers and gambol on the plain,
She'll ſoon attain maturity's ſweet age,
When childiſh tricks will leſs her thoughts engage;
Like fruit in autumn, ſhe'll her charms advance,
'Tis then thy fault if thou evade the chance,
Have patience, ſir, but don't elude the choice,
Fortune will be propitious to your voice,
As thou grows older, ſhe will grow the ſame,
I'll paſs my word for't, thou ſhalt have the dame;

Soon baſhfulneſs will from her diſappear,
Her cheeks ſhall yet a fairer colour wear;
She'll not be one of thoſe, depend my boy,
Who to torment young men ſeem always coy.
Faith ſhe's a pretty girl, I ſwear by heav'n,
To her each beautious grace and charm is giv'n,
Her ſkin appears like ſnow, it is ſo white,
Or *Cynthia*'s beams reflected in the night.

ALEXIS's COMPLAINT,

OR THE

ABANDON'D SWAIN.

(AN ABSTRUCE EPISTLE)

BEGIN, O muſe, the melancholy theme,
Of direful grief, and miſery extreme,
Whilſt I a direful ſcene of woes relate,
Not other's, but my own unhappy fate;

Who

Who plung'd beneath a vaſt abyſs of care,
Bemoan my helpleſs fate in foul deſpair.
Long had the beauteous *Cynthia* ſway'd my ſoul,
Her charms my boſom rul'd, without controul,
Pleas'd to anticipate a future joy,
Which poverty, nor age, could e'er deſtroy.
But ah! how tranſient are the hopes of man,
How ſoon adverſity ſubſides the plan;
The lovely *Cynthia* with each charm was bleſt,
Eternal innocence, her mein poſſeſt,
Blind fortune too had taken timely care,
With wealth to tarniſh the inconſtant fair,
Mine was the lot in poverty's rude cell,
In curs'd oppreſſive penury to dwell;
Yet ſtill I hop'd the fair-one might relent,
And to my ſupplication give conſent.
But ah! obdurate is fair *Cynthia*'s heart,
The nymph but knows too little of my ſmart,
O curs'd the fatal hour, and luckleſs day,
That ſnatch'd the triumph of my ſoul away;
O thou, for ever once my darling theme,
My morning thought, and ſweet nocturnal dream;
Fair nymph, with pity, hear *Alexis* call,
Nor ſee theſe eyes divulg'd in torrents fall,
Whoſe ample ſtreams denote without controul,
The num'rous ſorrows of my lab'ring ſoul:

But

But ah! how ineffectually I mourn,
And vainly with the fickle fair return:
But why this grief? a more deſerving ſwain,
Detains my love on ſome far diſtant plain;
Was all the ambient univerſe my own,
I'd free reſign the whole for thee alone,
Thou victor of my breaſt, thy love my crown,
I would not value fortune's palid frown,
But with contempt on Potentates look down.

An EPISTLE to DORINDA.

FAIR Nymph, accept in this the humble lay,
Of an ambitious bard, pleas'd to obey,
To no aſpiring views my ſchemes pretend,
But this alone, your conduct to commend;
Be not offended for the bold deſign,
But all the treſpaſs to the muſe confine,
Since 'twas the muſe alone inſpir'd my breaſt,
By her alone, elated, or depreſt.
Scorn not to be the ſubject of my verſe,
Since I your virtues with your charms rehearſe:

What

What tho' thoſe charms might fire a ſavage mind,
Yet brighter graces in thy ſoul I find,
Freſh in thoſe eyes the raptur'd bard beholds,
The virtuous principals thy breaſt infolds.
The love of heav'n alone, that ſanguine fire,
This gen'rous mind, 'twas this did me inſpire;
Well haſt thou choſe that good eſſential part,
That goſpel cultivation of my heart,
Like MARY, mindful of the heav'nly word,
To leave all wordly cares and ſeek the Lord,
Nor ever drive this paſſion from thy mind,
But let each virtuous charm, acceptance find.
What tho' the proverb hath been often ſaid,
Paſt obligations ſoon are out of head,
Yet I the maxim freely contradict,
And ſtill to gratitude remain more ſtrict,
Nor can I e'er forget the doleful hour,
When foul oppreſſion ne'er approach'd my door,
'Twas there I witneſs'd my all-gen'rous heart,
Well pleas'd, relief, or comfort to impart;
But ah! my thoughts can not ſufficient ſhew,
Nor to expreſs the tribute which I owe,
Let this ſuffice, indeed I hope it will,
To ſay, I am your humble ſervant ſtill.

On the ORIGIN of CRITICISM.

YE ſland'ring Cynics, and crabs of this age,
Ye poets dramatic, and wits of the ſtage;
I'd have you to liſten, with zeal, to my theme,
A grand revelation I had in a dream.
And you petty bards who in ſilence do ſneak,
Who fearing thoſe critics, durſt ſcarce be heard ſpeak,
You now may with ſafety in day-light appear,
Sarcaſms detected, there's nothing to fear.
This fam'd race of mortals, who critics are nam'd,
Who pow'r over poets, like tyrants have claim'd;
Shall all be excluded, devoid of applauſe,
We've found out their ſource, and original cauſe:
Diogenes firſt, as old ſtories relate,
A ſnarling old critic in ſubſtance not great,
'Tis to him that theſe ſharks their original owe,
No wonder they're ſuch, when their founder was ſo.
Old *Monrus*, is likewiſe the God they revere,
To him their petition and ſuits they prefer,
To their invocations he ſtill gives conſent,
'Tis by him that their paſſion of ſnarling was ſent.

Old

Old fables record, that once *Jove* in a jeſt,
To put this malevolent God to the teſt;
His fair daughter *Venus*, to him he diſplay'd,
To ſee what defects he could find in the maid.
He ſcratch'd his old pate and he paus'd for a while,
And thus, he return'd with an envious ſmile,
Of your fair daughter's charms I have nothing to ſay,
But her pattens do make too much noiſe by the way.
From their tutelar God we may eaſily deſcribe,
What ſort of opinions theſe mortals imbibe:
Since growling, and ſnarling's their ampleſt delight,
Or a poor dullard bard with their threats to affright.
When Critics were firſt inſtituted on earth,
'Twas for this ſelf occaſion *Jove* gave them their birth,
Their judgment impartial to govern mankind,
To applaud, or condemn, as they reaſon ſhould find;
But now this profeſſion by them is revers'd,
Impartial reaſon is from them diſpers'd;
Since void of inſpection each piece they condemn,
And the good and the bad are quite equal with them.
From this late detection I mean to promote,
A motive which late hath accur'd to my thought;

'Tis a means to ſecure us from critical ſpite,
And put this ſarcaſtical ſyſtem to flight:
The method is this, if you wiſh to be free'd,
From this momian race, the ſaturnian breed,
Beware in all buſineſs, no error your make,
For they, like a ſhark, will advantages take.

The PLEASURE of the CHASE.

REST here, once more, the tir'd *Diana* ſaid,
Beneath the covert of this cooling ſhade;
Unſtring your bows, whilſt each fair nymph records
The pleaſures, which this gen'rous chaſe affords;
She ſaid,—obedient to their queen's command,
Each nymph let fall the weapon from her hand,
Then in harmonious ſtrains, the ſportive throng,
Thus chant the numbers of their rural ſong.
" Of all the joys that nature can diſcloſe,
" Or thoſe ſtill greater bounties heav'n beſtows,
" Be our's the ſweet enjoyment of the chaſe,
" With hounds, and horns, the fleeting dear to
" trace,

" When

" When bright aurora, from the eaſtern dawn,
" Spreads her bright beams along the dewy lawn,
" Forth from the ſhades, our courſes we purſue,
" And with the day our ſylvan ſports renew;
" What joy when o'er the heath we chaſe the hare,
" Or o'er the mountains height impetuous bear.
What tranſports varied nature's ſcenes diffuſe,
Even *Jove*'s great ſelf might deign ſuch ſport to chuſe,
See yonder! where the eager ſwain appace,
Flies ſwiftly o'er the plain to join the chaſe,
Swift o'er the ample fields he takes his rounds,
And bawls and hallows to the fleeting hounds,
What tranſports uſher in his gladdn'd breaſt,
Whilſt in his face his raptures ſit expreſt.
And yonder runs the jolly country 'ſquire,
To deal his vengence in the feather'd choir,
Cloſe by his ſide the eager pointer ſtands,
Whilſt his right hand, the hallow'd tube commands;
From field, to field, he ſtruts with haughty ſtride,
To ſeek the coverts, where the game reſide,
Full in the midſt he pours the fatal ſhow'r,
And thouſands feel his arbitrary pow'r.
What worldly pleaſures can with our's compare,
We witneſs all the joys that Mortals ſhare,

How wholeſome 'tis when from oblivious ſleep,
We rouſe, and o'er the wide compania ſweep,
Sweet exhalations in profuſion riſe,
And cooling zephyrs fan along the ſkies;
Thus ſung the Goddeſs, and her ſylvan train,
Then to their rural ſports return again.

The LAST DAY;

A POEM.

FROM pole to pole, the forky light'nings fly,
Through heav'n's expanſe, terrific thunders roll.
What means, alas! this univerſal fear,
Which through creation ſtrikes a general awe!
My trembling limbs will ſcarce ſupport my frame,
My panting breaſt with horrid dread is fill'd,
The ſky one univerſal flame appears.
Aghaſt, I ſee, pale, trembling mortals ſtand,
A tremb'ling, fearful, wild, diſorder'd hoſt;
Each with a thouſand doubts and fears oppreſt.
Alas!

Alas! is this the laſt tremendous hour?
When, cloath'd in awful majeſty and ſtate,
The mighty Judge of Man to earth deſcends?
Yes, through the op'ning firmament of heav'n,
In pomp divine, his rapid car appears,
A ſeraph rears above the ſun's high orb;
The num'rous hoſt of heav'n the ſcene attend,
Before his thund'ring car his angels fly,
Beneath his footſtool clouds of darkneſs roll,
And long reſounding earthquakes ſhake the world.
What mortal can endure the dreadful ſight?
E'en virtue's ſelf doth own her inward fear.
An ample trembling ſhakes the earth and ſea,
Which ſtrives to ſhrink from the deſcending flame.
With rapid ſpeed and haſte along the ſky,
The heav'n commiſſion'd angels ſoar aloft;
A voice, tranſcending thunder, rends the air,
He ſpeaks that all the world may hear his voice,
By him, the champion ſwears, that lives and reigns,
On the eternal wide expanſe of heav'n,
The world ſhall ceaſe, and time ſhall be no more.
The orient ſun within his hand he takes,
Whoſe firm foundation trembles at his graſp;
Rob'd of its radient beams and fulgent rays,
It thunders down the ſkies with hideous noiſe,
And ſinks o'erwhelm'd in dark obſcurity.

From

From ev'ry wind the ſons of heav'n appear,
Their golden trumpets rend th' atherial frame.
With fear, the living hear the awful ſound,
Through all the earth, the thunders echo loud,
And wakes, with clam'rous peals, the conſcious dead,
Pale tenants of the grave, and wat'ry beds,
They burſt, aſtoniſh'd, from their gloomy tombs;
Their forms, in duſt diſſolv'd, they reaſſume,
And like the ſons of God, in pomp array'd,
They ſhine with luſtre and with grace divine.
The heav'nly judge aſcends his glorious throne!
In dread ſuſpence the trembling nations ſtand,—
The irreverſible command they wait;
With ſilent joy his looks the virtuous meet:
Aghaſt, with inward dread the wicked ſhrink,
On them the godhead frowns with looks ſevere,
Impending o'er their fearful bands is ſpread,
A weight of wrath, more than ten worlds could bear!
But airy fancy, ſtop thy daring flight,
The lofty ſcenes no farther dare to trace
The high decrees of heav'n: I dare not write,
Though full of juſtice and of dignity,
My ſoul recoils nor longer dare ſurvey
The final cloſe of that tremendous hour,
Which ſhall this ſpacious globe in chaos lay.

A SIMILE on the CHARMS of CELIA.

ABOVE, when orient phœbus gilds the ſky,
And gentle zephyrs waft their ſweets on high,
When flowers in vivid beauteous colours riſe,
To veil the ſcene below with ſweet diſguiſe,
When artleſs notes, inſpir'd by love reſound
From ev'ry ſpray and grove the notes rebound,
And hid within the deep enchanted grove,
Fond echo mocks the harmleſs lays of love;
Gay pleaſure in our placid looks appear,
And all our minds poſſeſs a guiltleſs cheer;
With joy we ſee, with pleaſure we behold,
And bleſs kind nature's gifts ſo manifold.
But when black ſtorms and tempeſts cloud the ſky,
And ſol doth his refulgent pow'r deny,
When ſhow'rs deſcend and hideous thunders roll,
And livid lightnings dart from pole to pole,
Affrighted at the ſudden gloomy peſt,
Each pleaſure dies, each pleaſure quits the breaſt;
'Tis then, alas! that ſpleen and anxious woe,
Within the ſadden'd breaſt begin to flow.

Thus,

Thus, CELIA, can thy pow'rful eyes impart,
Or grief, or joy, to my alternate heart,
And varying as the changing ſeaſons roll,
Depreſs, or chear at once, my raviſh'd ſoul.
When o'er thy brow the ſtormy clouds impend,
And frowns o'er all they graceful charms extend;
My ſcenes of bliſs, in darkneſs are diſſolv'd,
In cold deſpair my ſoul is ſtraight involv'd;
But when the tranſient ſtorms are waft away,
And graceful ſmiles thy beauteous charms diſplay,
Thy ſmiles thoſe ſcenes of bliſs again reſtore,
And hope doth reaſſume her ſeat once more,
Let heav'nly ſmiles then always gild thy face,
Good humour ſtill thy beauteous features grace.
So ſhall thou ſtill each grace and charm improve,
And I may ſtill the wintry ſtorms defy,
Now charms ſhall ſummer to my boſom move,
And joy in all the ſeaſons as they fly.

An ELEGY on a FRIEND.

'TIS done, alas! the vital ſcene is cloſ'd,
The ſprings of life are now in death compos'd;
That mouth which once but op'd to eloquence,
That mind all noble, gaiety, and ſenſe;
Thoſe hands which ſtill were open to the poor,
Are now ſhut up in death to ope no more;
Oft have the needy felt thy friendly aid,
Thy charity to all hath been diſplay'd,
The lame, the blind, the needy, all have felt,
Thy liberalities on them were dealt.
But heav'n, all-ſeeing heav'n foreſaw,
More happy manſions than on earth below;
Death with relentleſs fury ſhot his dart,
And pierc'd the guiltleſs mortal to the heart.
Weep not ye friends though he be ſnatch'd away,
He is but gone for to prepare the way,
That you muſt tread, where you will ſhortly meet,
Everlaſting joy and bliſs complete.
Who can reverſe the ſtern decrees of fate,
Or change a preſent for a future ſtate,

It is beyond the reach of man to ſee,
The bliſsful manſions of eternity,
No human eye hath ſeen, or can ſurvey,
The glorious regions of eternal day,
Where happineſs remains without allay.
Forbear to weep, ye friends, be all conſol'd,
Since death's ſtern dart is not to be controul'd;
The rich, the poor, the monarch, and the ſlave,
The ſad, the joyful—coward, and the brave,
Can not reſiſt the fatal, deadly blaſt,
All come to one pale countenance at laſt.

A HYMN to the DEITY.

O Thou Great God! immortal! infinite!
Who dwell'ſt immutable in realms of light,
God of all Gods! from whom all comfort ſprings,
Lord of all Lords! majeſtic King of Kings!
Matchleſs in might, omnipotent art thou,
To thy great will ſhall proudeſt monarchs bow;

To

To the, o'er all is juſt dominion giv'n,
Far as the orbit of the higheſt heav'n,
Not given but by thy pow'r made thy own,
Who from the realms of light thy foes caſt down;
Aſpiring Lucifer, their chieftian fell,
From higheſt heav'n down to the loweſt hell;
Death came into the world and with it ſin,
Forthwith a train of countleſs ills begin,
The loſs of Eden and that bliſsful ſeat,
Where our firſt parents had their calm retreat,
Till CHRIST, the Prince of Peace! regain'd once more,
The happy ſtate they forfeited before:
But thou, O Lord, for ever ſhalt endure,
Firm as a rock, and as the mountain ſure.
The earth ſhall ſink to nought, the ſeas run dry,
And all the world in one void chaos lie,
The ſun grow dim with age, the moon decay,
And nature fade through length of years away,
But thou ſhalt flouriſh in immortal youth,
Remaining ſtill, the God of Peace and Truth.

The Firſt ECLOGUE of VIRGIL.

The occaſion of the firſt paſtoral was this: when AUGUSTUS had ſettled himſelf in the Roman empire, to reward his veteran troops for their ſervices, he diſtributed amongſt them all the lands that lay about *Mantua* and *Cremona*, turning out the right owners, for having ſided with his enemies; VIRGIL, or his Father, was a ſufferer amongſt the reſt, but afterwards recovered his eſtate by the interceſſion of MACAENAS, POLIO, and VARIUS. VIRGIL, as an inſtance of his gratitude, compoſed the following Paſtoral, wherein he commemorates the praiſe of AUGUSTUS, and Rome. His own good fortune in the character of TITYRUS, and the calamities of his Mantuan neighbours, in that of MELIBEUS.

MELIBEUS.

O! Happy *Tit'rus*, with what peace of mind,
Art thou beneath the ſpreading beach reclin'd,
Whilſt thou aloud, void of ambitious ſway,
On ſlender cornpipe, tun'ſt thy rural lay.
We leave our country and each verdant field,
Whilſt they to you their richeſt produce yield,

Whilſt

Whilſt thou, O *Tit'rus*, ſtretch'd at eaſe, rehearſe,
Fair *Amaryllis* praiſe, in raptur'd verſe,
All nature ſmiles around ſerenely gay,
The woods, and hills, re-echo to thy lay.

TITYRUS.

O *Melibeus*, 'twas a pow'r divine,
Who caus'd us in this happy ſtate to ſhine :—
A God, I ſay, I don't regret the word,
He ſtill a God by me, ſhall be ador'd ;
Oft ſhall a lambkin from our flocks be ta'en,
The alter of the gen'rous pow'r to ſtain,
For him the yearly ſacrifice ſhall bleed,
Who thus at large hath caus'd our flocks to feed,
And I myſelf to chant my ruſtic reed.

MELIBEUS.

'Tis true, O *Tit'rus*, I don't envy thee,
But rather am ſurpriſed, thus to ſee,
To what a pitch of grandeur you're attain'd,
And how paſt honours have been thus regain'd,
When all around wild deſolation ſpreads,
Deſtruction all our lands in ruin treads,

Whilſt

Whilſt I, who far from hence, on yonder plain,
Attend my goats, with labour, care, and pain.
This too, O *Tit'rus*, I drag along,
Who in the hazels left her tender young;
There having brought forth twins, hope of my flock,
Left them expos'd on the rough barren rock.
This was foretold by omens oft I'd ſeen,
Had I not thus infatuated been;
Oft did the crow with her ill-bodeing croak,
Foretell my ſorrows from yon hollow oak.
But, tell me *Tit'rus*, what that God can be,
That rais'd thee to this eminent degree?

TITYRUS.

The city, *Melibeus*, they call Rome,
Which to ſo high an eminence is come,
I fooliſhly ſuppos'd, like this to be,
Our Mantuan city, now in low degree,
Whether our rural ſhepherds oft repair,
With this ſmall product of their fleecy care,
As whelps to dogs, ſo was I wont to call,
Similitudes of greater things to ſmall.
But this great city doth as far outſhine,
All other cities, as the tow'ring pine,
Out-tops the ſhrubs that round its bottom twine.

MEL-

MELIBEUS.

But tell me *Tit'rus*, what was your intent,
That to this fam'd metropolis you went?

TITYRUS.

'Twas liberty that prompted me to go,
In my inactive time of age and woe,
And now my beard began more white to grow;
At length on me her friendly eye ſhe caſt,
And from deep bondage ſet me free at laſt,
Since that fair *Amaryllis* bears the ſway,
All nature ſmiles around ſerene and gay.

The MESSIAH;

A SACRED ECLOGUE.

WIDE ſpreading o'er the purpl'd eaſtern ſky,
See where yon crimſon enſign waves on high;

Pre-

Prepare, prepare! the ambroſial feaſt prepare,
With fragrant odours ſcent the ambient air,
For lo, the God of Gods to earth deſcends,
Whoſe glory to the fartheſt orb extends.
But how, O nature! wilt thou bear the load,
Or meet the ſplendour of a coming God?
In vain I aſk, but now yon parting ſky,
Proclaims the grand celeſtial Saviour nigh.
Stand faſt, ye ſteadfaſt pillars of the earth,
For ſince the early dawn of nature's birth,
Thy ſtrong foundations never yet have bore,
Th' intolerable weight of God before.
But hark! methinks far ſweeter ſtrains I hear,
Then ever ſounded in the circling air,
Since firſt the world was made, or time began,
To ſway the univerſe and conquer man;
The voice of harmony melts in my ears,
Diſſolves my ſoul, diſperſes all my fears,
'Tis GABRIEL's voice, full well I know the ſound,
All mercy ſmiles with new-born grace around,
Let angels ſhout, rejoice thou earth and ſea,
For lo, the God of Gods aſſumes our clay:
Now ſee, in token of ſupernal grace,
The angry enſign ſhifting from its place!
Ten thouſand milder glories now appear,
The voice of harmony wakes in each ſphere,

Melo-

Melodious through the wide expanſe of light,
A gen'ral concert rings through heav'n's great height,
And all the burthen of the joyful choir,
Is never ceaſing love: love ſtrikes each lyre.
Aſtoniſh'd, angels view the wond'rous ſcene,
And long to know what all thoſe wonders mean;
In vain they pry;—the boundleſs ſcheme, O man!
For thee was laid, e'er worlds or time began!
Or angels hymn'd to the eternal THREE,
The council ſat, and mercy fix'd on thee!

To A YOUNG LADY,

ON GOING INTO THE COUNTRY.

THIS verſe, dear MOLLY, I to thee aſſign,
Nor all my views to elder worth confine;
But what, on this occaſion, ſhall I ſay,
How form and turn the warm, the faithful lay?
Rather my fond affection let me ſhew,
Than teach the lines with artful times to glow.

While life's gay ſcenes before you ſportive riſe,
And tempt you forth with glowing forms, and dies;
Still as the flow'ry lengths you ſmiling paſs,
Beware the ſerpent lurking in the graſs,—
The ſerpent man! of all the reptile race
Moſt ſubtle, daring, treach'rous, pois'nous, baſe!
The ſerpent man! who haunts the virgin's way,
Women his ſport! women his conſtant prey!
Theſe your firſt views, but make it ſtill your care,
Of all extremes to be alike aware,
Nor life miſtaking, and its ſocial good,
Sink down and ſettle in the ſullen prude,
The purport mark, and meditate the end,
To which man's overtures ſtill doubtful tend,
And thus the falſe diſtinguiſh, from the true,
As prudence bids, your cautious plan purſue.
Thus try, the man, 'tis his, remember well,
His to attack—your's, MOLLY, to repell;
Acquit yourſelf, maintain the well-fought field,
And only with, not at diſcretion, yield.
Think that you fall for ever, if you fall,
A woman's honour—is a woman's all.
In this, wit, beauty, fortune, form, and mind,
She gives, like atoms, to the whiſtling wind;
All worth, all pleaſure, is with honour loſt,
A truth that thouſands witneſs to their coſt.

The fate of women deeply we deplore,
They fall like ſtars, that ſet to riſe no more.
But why this topic with ſuch ardour preſt,
To you, with innocence, with virtue bleſt?
Not that I think you weak, proceeds my ſong,
But that I know the wretch falſe man, is ſtrong;
My fears from fondneſs, not ſuſpicion riſe,
No ſtorm he dreads, who riſks at ſea no prize.
Indulgent then, the friendly ſtrains receive,
A friendly ſtrain is all a bard can give,
Some worth ſtill waits on poverty's rude call,
A mite has value, when a mite is all.

THE STORY OF CADMUS,

FROM THE THIRD BOOK OF

OVID's METAMORPHOSES.

JUPITER, who in the form of a white bull, carried through the ſea, on his back, EUROPA, the daughter of AGENOR, King of Phoenicia, into Crete.

WHEN now the King had loſt his darling child,
He call'd his ſon, in raving frenzy wild,
And bid him to his arms, reſtore the fair,
Or never more dare breath Phoenician air,
But live an exile in a clime unknown;
Thus, was the father, cruel to his ſon.
The royal *Cadmus* trac'd the world around,
But how can *Jove* in his intreagues be found?
Now tir'd at length, his ſearches he with-held,
From country baniſh'd, and from friends expel'd.
He ſtraight a ſuppliant goes, to Delphi's ſhrine,
To ſee what fate might hence for him aſſign;

The

The Delphic god returns him this reply,
To ſtay his wand'rings, and his wants ſupply.—
Behold! amidſt the fields, a milk-white cow,
Unworn with yokes, unbroken to the plow!
Mark well, where firſt ſhe lies her on the earth,
And to a new-found city, there give birth;
So from thy guide, Boeœtia call the land,
Where, here ſecure thy diſtant walls ſhall ſtand.
Scarce had he left the dark and gloomy cell,
Whilſt in his breaſt the glad preſages ſwell,
Than in the fields the fatal cow he ſpy'd,
Grazing at large, unknown without a guide;
He at a diſtance, keeps her in his view,
Whilſt to the god his pray'rs he doth renew.
Her way through flow'ry Panupe, ſhe took,
And now Cephiſus, ſtems thy ſilver brook,
Where raiſing to the eaſt, her ſpacious head,
She bellow'd loud, then back began to tread,
When gazing on her fellow herds behind,
She on the tender graſs herſelf reclin'd.
Cadmus ſalutes the ſoil, and gladly hails,
The new-found mountains, and the nameleſs vales;
Then ſends his ſervants to the neighbouring grove,
For waters clear, to ſacrifice to *Jove*.—
Wide o'er the mountain's brow, in order ſtood,
A lonely, ſpreading, ſolitary wood,

And

And in the midſt, there ſtood a cave unknown,
Perplex'd with brambles, and with ſhrubs o'ergrown;
Here in the dreary cavern ſtood obſcure,
A vault with ruggid ſtones arch'd o'er ſecure,
Deep in the dark receſs and hid from day,
Sacred to *Mars*, a dreadful dragon lay,
Around his neck a golden collar plac'd,
Whilſt a huge creſt his lofty forehead grac'd,
With poiſon fraught, of a ſtupendous ſize,
Like livid light'nings glanc'd his fiery eyes;
Three tongues he brandiſh'd when he charg'd his foes,
His teeth ſtood jagging in three dreadful rows.
The Tyrians now attain the fatal place,
Led to their doom by a too ſpeedy pace.
With empty urns they ſearch the vault around,
From ſide to ſide, their empty urns rebound:
The ſlumb'ring dragon rouſed with the noiſe,
His venom'd armour now began to poiſe,
Exaſperated from his den he flies,
And with tremendous hiſſings fills the ſkies.
The tyrants ſtruck with terror at the ſight,
Drop their void urns, and ſeek in vain for flight.
Wreath above wreath, aloft in air he rears,
And o'er the wood in dreadful form appears;

He

He now unwreaths, 'tis dreadful to behold,
Then ſprings upon them in a horid fold;
In vain the Tyrians on their arms rely,
In vain attempt to fight, in vain to fly;
Some by his venom'd teeth receive their death,
Others are ſtifled by his pois'nous breath.—
But now the ſun in his meridian height,
Shot round the world his ſcorching beams of light,
When royal *Cadmus* wond'ring at the ſtay,
Of his departed friends, who long delay,
Uneaſy grown, with anxious diſcontent,
He ſeeks the way his dear companions went.
A lion's ſkin, he round his ſhoulders wore,
The will pois'd jav'lin to the field he bore,
The truſty lance unus'd to rapines foul,
But yet, ſtill beſt of all, a noble ſoul!
Soon as the Prince approach'd the fatal wood,
He ſaw his ſervants welt'ring in their blood!
The ſcaly fiend, amidſt their corps he ſees,
Licking their tender wounds, and ſtretch'd at eaſe:
My truſty friends the godlike heroe cry'd,
What pity 'tis, that you ſo baſely dy'd!
But I'll revenge thus your unhappy fate,
On your curs'd foe, but ha! my friends, too late!
He ſaid, and from the ground, a millſtone drew,
Which like a whirlwind at the fiend he threw!

A tower assaulted by so rude a stroke,
With all it's lofty battlements had shook!
With no effect the massy weight is found,
On his close scales, impervious to a wound;
The pointed jav'lin, more successful flew,
Which like a lightning the vex'd heroe threw,
Amidst his scales the sharpen'd steel he sent,
Which in his pervious guts it's fury spent:
The monster raging with the piercing pain,
Wreaths to and fro, and bites the shaft in vain,
His rage and pains, now equally advance,
Whilst from his eyes, the livid lightnings glance;
Churn'd in his teeth, he holds the venom'd gore,
Whilst from his nostrils pois'nous vapours pour,
Such as are near the stygian waters found,
The tender shrubs are tainted all around.
Now in a maze of curls he lies enroll'd,
Now all unravel'd, and without a fold,
Now poising forward like a rapid flood,
Bear down, in his rude course, the tow'ring wood.
Cadmus, upon the lion's skin doth meet,
His heavy charge, then makes him to retreat,
The royal heroe with his spear doth ward,
The raging foe as little doth regard;
The spear he bites, the pointed sword he chews,
Till from his throat the bloody poison flows,

But

But yet for all his vigour ſcarce is worſe,
For when the victor with redoubl'd force
Strikes home the dart, his yet ſtill vig'rous foe,
Shrinks from the ſtroke, and diſappoints the blow;
The dauntleſs heroe yet his ſtroke repeats,
Then backward to a ſpreading oak retreats,
The foe he here retards in his career,
And plunges in his throat the fatal ſpear,
Which in his gaping throat a way receives,
The yielding bone an ample paſſage gives:
Fix'd to the ſturdy oak, whilſt with his tail,
The knotty boughs with force he doth aſſail;
When tir'd at length, and wearied with his toils,
He gapes for death, then wreaths in various coils.
Cadmus beholds the foe with raptur'd eyes,
Whilſt laſhing in his pois'nous gore he lies;
When ſuddenly from high, a voice was heard,
(The ſound diſtinct, and yet no form appear'd)
"Why doſt thou thus, with ſecret joy behold,
"A ſtate, which ſhall, e'er long, thyſelf infold?"
Seiz'd with a trembling, at the awful ſound,
He ſtands aghaſt, and gazes all around;
When lo, *Minerva*, from the clouds deſcends,
The Goddeſs who the wiſe, and bold defends,
Then bids him round the teaming mountain plow,
The ſerpents teeth in the new furrows ſow:

Then tells the youth, before his wond'ring eyes,
A warlike harveſt, from the earth ſhall riſe!
At her command the ſerpent's teeth he ſows,
And from his hand the future people throws,
The animated clods to life advance,
And now appears the ſpear and glitt'ring lance;
Now nodding plumes, and creſts begin to rear,
And now the ſhoulders and the breaſts appear,
O'er all the field, a living harveſt ſwarms,
A warlike crop of men and glitt'ring arms.
So through the parting ſtage a figure rears
It's body up, and limb by limb appears,
By ſlow degrees, at length the man aſcends,
Upon the ſtage, and all his length extends.
The Prince aſtoniſh'd at the hoſtile ſhow,
Prepares for war, and ſtands to meet the foe,
When one cry'd out, "forbear, fond man, to fight,
"Nor in a blind, promiſcuous war unite:"
So ſaid, he ſtrikes his brother to the heart,
Himſelf expiring by another dart;
Nor did the third long ward the ſtroke of death,
Dying, e'er ſcarce he drew his infant breath.
The ſad example ſpreads o'er all the plain,
Till heaps of brothers, are by brothers ſlain,
The furrows ſwam in blood, and only five
The direful conflict of the wars ſurvive;

Achion

Achion one, urg'd by *Minerva's* call,
The guiltleſs weapon from his hand let fall,
And with the reſt a peaceful treaty makes,
Whom *Cadmus* as his friends and partners takes,
So founds a city, on the promis'd ſoil,
And builds *Boeœtia* to conclude his toil.

ON THE CREATION.

DARK was the chaos e'er the ſun had hurl'd,
His orient beams around the turbid world,
Dark lay the ſpacious Globe from light obſcur'd,
Unknown to motion, and from heat immur'd;
When all the morning ſtars together ſung,
And heav'n's high concave loud re-echoe's rung;
When all the ſons of God with joyous ſound,
Glad hallelujahs hymn'd with mirth profound;
When thus, the Almighty, awful ſilence broke,
And to the liſt'ning grand ſabaoth ſpoke:—
"Ye angels, hear! applaud! the great deſign!
"Ye hoſt of cherubs, in the work combine!

He ſaid, and forthwith touch'd the torpid frame,
And wak'd to life and motion hence the ſame;
He ſpoke, and ſtreight appear'd a radiant light,
To part the day, and ſeparate the night;
The light too parted, each part takes it's ſway,
By night pale luna, and the ſun by day;
He ſcop'd a channel in it's hollow ſide,
And hence he bounds the ſea and foaming tide.
Now beauteous flow'rs in vivid colours riſe,
Now ſpreading trees advance aloft in ſkies,
The new form'd beaſts bound o'er the verdant plain,
The ſcaly fiſhes gambol in the main;
The laſt of all comes MAN! the ſuper-cauſe,
To govern nature by his godlike laws.
When now the deity the work had done,
And finiſh'd all things which he had begun,
The ſeventh day, he ſanctifi'd and bleſt,
And ſet apart the *Sabbath* for his reſt.

AN ELEGY, ON A FAMILIAR ACQUAINTANCE.

WHAT beck'ning ghoſt is this, what mid-night ſhade,
Invites my footſteps to yon ſilent glade?
Where nought is ſeen but tombs and gloomy cells,
Where nought but ſolemn contemplation dwells;
Is there no ſtrong reverſing arm in heaven,
To mitigate the wound that death has given?
Is there no friendly angel to condole
The mourners grief, or eaſe his wretched ſoul?
Which overwhelm'd in woe, ſinks down in death,
Gives up the ſpirit, and reſigns the breath;
The ſoul aſcends to it's congenial place,
And fulls, in heav'n, the fix'd appointed ſpace.
Thus, if eternal juſtice rules the world,
In putrefaction ſhall each ſex be hurl'd,
Thus ſhall the monarch, thus, the ſubject fall,
A dire contagion ſeize on one and all.
Ah! ſee thoſe eyes, juſt ſinking into death,
Thoſe lips, too, parting with the vital breath;

A pleaſing form, a firm, yet cautious mind,
Sincere, tho' prudent, conſtant, yet reſign'd;
Taught in his youth, experienc'd in his age,
Still ſcorning wrangling, yet a zealous ſage.
Such was the man, who late from earth was caught,
Who now enjoys what he ſo cloſely ſought.
Peace to thy gentle ſhade, and endleſs reſt,
Bleſt in thy genius, in thy love, too, bleſt.
No freinds laments, no ſad domeſtic ſighs,
The widow's mourning, or the orphan's cries
Can mollify the fatal ſtroke of death,
Each in his turn yields his reluctant breath.

THE

THE *Transformation* OF BATTUS TO A TOUCHSTONE,

FROM THE SECOND BOOK OF

OVID's METAMORPHOSES.

THE crafty *Hermes* from the owner drove,
A herd of heifers, which around did rove;
An old inſidious peaſant view'd the ſame,
Within the village,—*Battus* was his name.
Hir'd by a wealthy Pylian Prince, to feed,
His grazing cattle in the neighbouring mead.
The thieviſh god the ſervile herd ſurvey'd,
And taking him aſide, thus whiſp'ring ſaid,
"Diſcover not the theft, thou Pylian ſlave,
"And for thy fee this heifer thou ſhalt have:"
The clown replies, "go on and proſper well,"
Then ſays, "behold, this ſtone ſhall ſooner tell."
The god withdrew, but ſoon return'd again,
In ſpeech and habit like a country ſwain,

And

And cries out "neighbour, ſoho! did ye ſee
"A herd of bulls and heifers paſs by thee?
"A bullock and a heifer I'll thee give,
"If that thou can'ſt my ſtraying flock retrieve."
The double bribe his heart did overcome,
The god rejoices, yet remains as dumb,
"And doſt thou thus betray me he replies?
"Me to myſelf?" the angry *Hermes* cries,
Then to a Touchſtone turn'd his perjur'd breaſt,
Whilſt in the name his guilt is ſtill impreſt.

To a YOUNG LADY at her GUITAR.

I.

BEGIN my fondeſt muſe, the partial lays,
The pleaſing taſk of yielding merit praiſe,
So ſhall my verſe each riſing wiſh proclaim,
And ſoftly flowing, echo *Delia*'s fame.

II.

Come then, Apollo, muſic's guardian ſire,
To thee the votive bard reſigns his cauſe,
With ardent zeal his glowing breaſt inſpire,
And crown a tribute fraught with fair applauſe.

III.

Then may the conſcious muſe exulting plead,
Plead the ſoft influence gratitude conveys,
Then may the bard, from riſing caution free'd,
Exalt each ſtrain replete with *Delia*'s praiſe.

IV.

But hark! the god propitious claims the ear,
In ſounds the gen'rous heart expands to hear;
His form, a ſemblance fair as ſmiling youth,
His voice, a language ſweet as artleſs truth.

V.

Mortal, ſays he, thy flatt'ring hopes reſign,
'Tis not for thee t' aſcribe the plaudits due,
A taſk like that requires a pen divine,
Sublimer far, than e'er ambition knew.

VI.

Eſſays like theſe, fair gratitude inſpires,
But ah! they cannot *Delia*'s worth proclaim,

Short are the limits of thy fond deſires,
If human eloquence can ſpeak her fame.

THE VISION;

FROM THE FOURTH CHAPTER OF JOB.

'TWAS at the dark and ſilent midnight hour,
When drowſy ſlumbers captivates each pow'r,
When viſions, form'd by fancy, ſhapeleſs riſe,
And meagre phantoms ſtrike the wond'ring eyes,
When lo, a voice, ſhrill ſounding, pierc'd my ear,
The ſolemn accents ſtill methinks I hear;
Tremendous roſe, before my wond'ring ſight,
An awful ſpectre of ſupendous height!
Sullen it mov'd, and ſtalk'd my chamber round,
Then on my face the phantom ſternly frown'd;
My hair ſtood up, deep ſunk my freighted heart,
The ſweat bedew'd my limbs o'er ev'ry part;
At length the ſpectre, with an awful ſound,
Deep ſilence broke,—and with a voice profound
My ears aſſail'd, then cry'd, O daring man!
Forbear, thus, thy Creator's ways to ſcan.

What

What art thou, mortal man? thou breathing clod,
Thou daring rival of thy author God;
Is this vile lump of animated earth,
Pure as the Godhead who beſtow'd it birth?
What are the gifts that heav'n on man beſtows,
That he uſurps what heav'n not him allows?
The hoſt of cherubs that attend his throne,
And iſſue his commands to worlds unknown,
Not of themſelves perform the great command,
But own their guidance to his pow'rful hand!
Shall then preſumptious man ſo juſt be found,
To guide the pow'r who rais'd him from the ground,
Who ſhall again ſink to the mould'ring tomb,
And grovling reptiles all his pride conſume.

The *Pleaſures* of CONTEMPLATION.

QUEEN of the halcyon breaſt, and heav'n-ward eye,
Sweet Contemplation, with thy ray benign,
Light my lone paſſage through the vale of life,
And raiſe this ſiege of care; this ſilent hour
To thee is ſacred, when the ſtar of eve,
(Like Dian's virgins trembling near the bath)
Shoots o'er the Heſperian wave its quiv'ring ray;
All nature joins to fill my lab'ring breaſt
With high ſenſations; awful ſilence reigns
Above, around; the ſounding winds no more,
Wild through the fluctuating foreſt fly
With guſt impetuous; zephyrs ſcarcely breathes
Upon the trembling foilage; flocks and herds
Retir'd beneath the friendly ſhade repoſe,
Fann'd by oblivion's wing. Ha! is not this,
This the dread hour, as ancient fables tell,
When flitting ſpirits, from their priſons broke,

By

By moonlight glide along the duſky vales,
The ſolemn church-yard, or the dreary groves,
Fond to reviſit their once lov'd abodes,
And view each friendly ſcene of paſt delight.
Satyrs, and Fawns, that in ſequeſter'd woods,
And deep embow'ring ſhades, delight to dwell,
Quitting their caves, (where in the reign of day
They ſlept in ſilence) o'er the daiſy'd green
Purſue their gambols, and with printleſs feet,
Chaſe the fleet ſhadows o'er the waving plains.
Dryads and Naiads, from each ſpring and grove
Trip blithſome o'er the lawns; or near the ſide
Of moſſy fountains, ſport in Cynthia's beams.
The fairy elves attendant on their queen,
With light ſteps, bound along the velvet mead,
And leave the green impreſſion of their dance,
In rings myſterious to the paſſing ſwain,
While the pellucid glowworm kindly lends
Her ſilver lamp to light the feſtive ſcene,
From yon majeſtic piles, in ruin great,
Whoſe lofty tow'rs once, on approaching foes
Look'd ſtern defiance; the ſad bird of night,
In mournful accent, to the moon complains,
Thoſe tow'rs with ven'rable ivy crown'd,
And mould'ring into ruin, yield no more
A ſafe retirement to the hoſtile band;

But there, the lonely bat that ſhuns the day,
Dwells in dull ſolitude; and ſcreaming thence,
Wheels the night raven ſhrill with hideous note,
Portending death to the dejected ſwain.
Each plant, and flow'ret, bath'd in ev'ning dews,
Exhal'd refreſhing ſweets; from the ſmooth lake,
On whoſe ſtill boſom ſleeps the tall trees ſhade,
The moon's ſoft rays reflected mildly ſhines.
Now tow'ring fancy takes her airy flight,
Without reſtraint, and leaves this earth behind;
From pole to pole, from world to world, ſhe flies,
Rocks, ſeas, nor ſkies, can't intercept her courſe.
Is this, what man, to thought eſtrang'd, miſcall
Deſpondence! this dull melancholy's ſcene,
To trace th' eternal cauſe thro' all his works
Minutely, and magnificently wiſe;
Mark the gradations which thro' nature's plan,
Join each to each, and form the vaſt deſign.
And tho' day's glorious guide withdraws his beams
Impartial, chearing other ſkies and ſhores,
Rich intellect, that ſcorns corporeal bands,
With more than mid-day radiance yields the ſcene.
The mind, now reſcu'd from the cares of day,
Roves unreſtrain'd thro' the wide realms of ſpace,
Where thought ſtupendous! ſyſtems infinite!
In regular confuſion, taught to move,

Like

Like gems, beſpangle yon etherial plains.
Ye ſons of pleaſure, and ye foes to thought,
Who ſearch for bliſs in the capacious bowl,
And blindly woo intemperance for joy,—
Durſt ye retire, hold converſe with yourſelves,
And in the ſilent hours of darkneſs, court
Kind Contemplation, with her peaceful train;
How would the minutes dance on downy feet?
And unperceiv'd the mid-night taper waſte!
While intellectual pleaſure reign'd ſupreme.
Ye muſes, graces, virtues, heav'n born maids,
Who love in peaceful ſolitude to dwell
With meek ey'd innocence, and radient truth,
And bluſhing modeſty; that frighted fly
The dark intrigue, and mid-night maſquerade.
What is this pleaſure that enchants mankind?
'Tis noiſe, 'tis toil, 'tis frenzy, like the cup
Of *Circe*, fam'd of old, who taſtes it finds
Th' etherial ſpark divine to brute transform'd;
And now me thinks I hear the libertine
With ſupercilious leer, cry, preach no more
Your muſty morals; hence, to deſerts fly,
And in the gloom of ſolitary caves
Auſterely dwell. What's life, debar'd from joy?
Crown, then, the bowl, let muſic lend her aid,
And beauty her's, to ſoothe my wayward cares.

Ah!

Ah! little does he know the nymph he ſtiles
A foe to pleaſure? pleaſure is not more
His aim than her's, with him ſhe joins to blame
The hermits gloom, and ſavage penances,
Each ſocial joy approves. Oh! without thee,
The page of fancy would no longer charm,
And ſolitude diſguſt e'en penſive minds.
Nought I condemn, but that exceſs which clouds
The mental faculties, to ſooth the ſenſe;
Let reaſon, truth, and virtue, guide thy ſteps,
And ev'ry bleſſing heav'n beſtows, be thine.

ANACREON, ODE XI.

ON HIMSELF.

OFT with wanton ſmiles and jeers,
Women tell me, I'm in years,
In the mirror, when I view,
Find, alas! they tell me true;—
Find my wrinkl'd forehead bare,
And regret my falling hair,

While

White, and few, alas! I find,
All that time has left behind.
But my hairs, if thus they fall,
I've but few or none at all,
Aſking not I'll never ſhare,
Fruitleſs knowledge, fruitleſs care;
This important truth I know,
If indeed in years I grow,
I muſt ſnatch what life can give,
Not to love, is not to live.

ANACREON, ODE XLVI.

'TIS hard from love to ſpare the heart,
'Tis pain to feel his wounding dart,
But greater ſtill, the loſs, the pain,
To love, alas! and love in vain.
Wit, wiſdom, birth, and beauty fade,
The beams of dazling gold diſplay'd,

Curs'd be the wretch, the firſt who ſold
His birth-right liberty, for gold.
Gold, that can murd'ring hands employ,
And brothers, fathers, ſons deſtroy;
Gold unreſiſted rules the ball,
By gold whole hoſts, whole nations fall,
Yet more my ſighs with grief reveal,
That love the force of gold can feel.

On SEEING Miſs N. J. of B—W.

WHEN firſt I ſaw the matchleſs fair,
Beheld her ſhape, her face, her air,
Ah! hapleſs youth, what meant my throbbing heart,
Soft tranſport thrill'd through all my frame,
I felt th' inſinuating flame
Its ſweet reſiſtleſs genial warmth impart,

II.

But, when with eyes entranc'd I gaze,
And ſee her ſwell the varied maze,

Through

Through all the ſprightly ſycophants around,
Swift ſhot the poiſon through my veins,
Uncheck'd the mighty tyrant reigns,
I ſtand in ſtrong, yet pleaſing fetters bound.

III.

'Twas thus, amid her ſylvan throng,
The fabl'd Dian ſwam along,
Her treſſes looſe, unbent her ſilver bow,
So tall, ſo graceful, ſtood confeſt,
Her ſhape, her air, beyond the reſt,
Such her mild aſpect and unruffl'd brow.

HORACE, BOOK II, ODE XVI,

(PARAPHRASED)

TRANSCRIBED TO A FRIEND.

WHEN ſable night in dark'ning clouds,
The moon's auſpicious luſture ſhrouds,
And 'midſt the circuit of the ſpheres,
No known directing ſtar appears,

But all around, the tempeſt roars,
The ſailor eaſe of heaven implores.
For eaſe the creſted briton pleads,
Train'd from his youth to martial deeds;
For eaſe victorious Pruſſians ſue,
Admir'd by all, enjoy'd by few;
Which bleſſes monarchs but by ſtealth,,
And mocks e'en *Bute*, amidſt pow'r and wealth.
For wealth and pow'r experience ſhows,
Can't heal the mind's tumultous woes,
Nor lull thoſe clam'rous cares to reſt,
Which haunt his Grace's garter'd breaſt.
Happy the man, whoſe frugal joys,
A father's ſcanty all ſupplies,
In ſome ſequeſter'd cottage bred,
Of herbs the meal, of flocks the bed,
His envy'd ſlumbers ſweet and ſound,
Nor fear nor avarice confound;
Precarious beings of an hour,
Why madly toil we then for more?
Abſurd the preſent to deſtroy,
In planing ſchemes of future joys;
In vain the wretched exile flies,
In hopes of finding happier ſkies;
In vain he varies clime or air,
For ſtill unhappy ſelf is their!

Let

Let him the ſpeedy bark aſcend,
E'en there, will gloomy care attend,
Or if he mount the rapid horſe,
Care ſtill attends him through the courſe;
Aſſidious care that leaves behind,
The tim'rous deer, and mocks the wind.
A mind, above temptations pow'r,
Chearful enjoys the preſent hour,
A ſtranger is to great men's fears,
Defies to-morrow and it's cares,
Intent alone to ſoften ſtrife,
And ſooth, not cure, the ills of life;
For none (ſuch heav'n's ſevere decree)
Muſt hope for full felicity.

On HOPE.

SHOULD Pœbus ſing, rejected by the ſtrain,
That lulls the mind with pleaſure falſe and vain,
The ſyren HOPE, that in thy verſe appears,
So far ſhe captivates all eyes, all ears;

Shews

Shews in each charm, the force of dang'rous ſkill,
Which gains by pleaſure, ſurer pow'r to kill.
My faithful numbers own an honeſt aim,
I wiſh inſtruction, not aſpire to fame;
Let truth the important queſtion then decide,
Let reaſon, council, and experience guide,
Like men, not poets, let us judge to know,
If Hope, to mortals, is a friend, or foe.
Fair are the ſcenes of bliſs ſhe ſets in view,
But is that bliſs ſtill falſe, or is it true?
Lo! millions haſten at her magic call,
To graſp the joys ſhe promiſes to all;
Fond expectation brightens at her ſight,
And life feels every diſappointment light.
But ſoon her objects ſhrink from our embrace,
And leave us wearied of an endleſs chaſe,
As children, who with tinſel'd trifles play,
Yet weep whene'er the tarniſh'd toys decay,
So ſhadowy forms of bliſs delude the mind,
They fly, the fond purſuer's left behind,
And Hope, to Happineſs, ſtill courts us on,
Till we, too late, perceive ourſelves undone.
Mark where the heroe, through the crimſon field,
The laurel ſeeks, her hand ſhall never yield,
To the ſad exile on ſome deſert ſhore,
She points that country he ſhall ſee no more:

Or

Or to the ſlave, who ſinks beneath his chain,
Shews him the freedom he ſhall ne'er regain.
She bids the ſtateſman fortune's wheel aſcend,
Till on a ſcaffold, all his projects end;
Through her the miſer eyes the golden plumb,
But dies, before he gathers half the ſum;
Oft friendſhip's pleaſing habit ſhe puts on,
But when misfortune comes, the phantom's gone!
E'en love's ſweet form, the ſorcereſs can aſſume,
A flow'r that promiſes eternal bloom,
But ſoon enjoyment makes that flow'r decay,
That dew exhaling in the noon-tide ray,
Or abſence cool, or rigid bleak deſpair,
Deſolve the fleeting viſion into air.
Thus HOPE, like *Circe*, boaſts her tyrant thrall,
And deals th' intoxicating cup to all,
The wiſe alone, like great *Ulyſſes* think,
Reject her offer, and forbear to drink;
Yet 'tis no wonder that we diſagree,
Since HOPE, our eyes through different mediums ſee.

A CHOICE.

PROPITIOUS heav'n, hear my requeſt,
Aſſign me what you ſhall think beſt ;
Yet were I for myſelf to chuſe,
The good occaſion thus I'd uſe,—
I'd not deſire great ſtore of wealth,
But juſt enough, content and health ;
Aloof from town, my houſe ſhould ſtand,
Upon a ſpacious plat of land,
It's ſituation near a hill,
Near on one ſide a murm'ring rill,
A tow'ring wood behind ſhould riſe,
Its lofty branches in the ſkies,
Here might I often ſit recluſe,
And often court the ſylvian muſe ;
In winter when the furious North,
Hurls its bleak fridgid tempeſt forth,
Safe from the ſtorm I'd then retire,
And ſhelter at a good warm fire ;
Books, pens, and paper, near at hand,
Good ale and porter at command ;

My

My chimney with fat bacon ſtor'd,
Hot pies to ſmoak upon my board.
And if kind heav'n would hear my voice,
I yet would make another choice;—
I too would have a frugal wife,
With whom to ſhare my happy life,
Good natur'd ſtill, and ſoon or late,
Reſign'd to meet the will of fate;
If Heav'n ſhould thus grant my requeſt,
I'd think myſelf ſupremely bleſs'd,
I'd neither envy ſtates nor kings,
Nor vainly gripe for wordly things.
But ah! one think doth yet remain,
Which I, alas, can ne'er obtain;
Then let me learn to be content,
Nor ſtrive to ſhun what heav'n has ſent.

The RESOLUTION.

OFT you perſuade me to give over writing,
And ſay, I'll crack my brain with vain inditing.
Not write! Indeed, good faith, a pretty ſtory,
Thus ſtrive to ſtop me when in view of glory!
Strive to deprive me of my laurel crown!
And envious ſeek to ſcandal my renown.
I will, I will, though you may term it ſpite,
Each fond ſenſation, as it flows, indite;
In mutt'ring phraſe, I'll oftentimes rehearſe,
The ſimple tenor of my artleſs verſe,
Indulge my genius, and diſdain all ſtint,
And ſpite of critics, enter into print.
Ah, fooliſh youth, was I for twelve long years,
To be o'eraw'd by childleſs doubts and fears,
With coy reſerve thus ſo long to refuſe,
Th' indulgent favours of my forward muſe,
With fondeſt rapture when her boſom glow'd,
My heart a kind of ſtrange repugnance ſhow'd,

When

When in my ear ſhe ſoftly whiſper'd Fame!
I bluſh'd, and ſtreight confeſs'd my boiling ſhame;
Or if by chance I ſcroll'd an artleſs rhyme,
Abaſh'd my conſcience ſtartl'd at the crime.
Was it for this, I rack'd my brains at ſchool,
And ſtudied o'er each number, tenſe and rule!
So long have I with aching head explor'd,
Learning's unfathomable, boundleſs hoard,
Then loſt, are all the labours of my youth,
And uſeleſs all my ſearch of real truth;
If yet thoſe ſeeds of wit and ſcience ſown,
And now at length to fair perfection grown,
Damn'd in a dull oblivion ſtill to lie,
And hid beneath a dark obſcurity.
Come, then, advance my muſe with ſable pace,
Determin'd caution, and with conſcious grace,
And thou celeſtial muſe my ſoul inſpire,
With richeſt ſtore of that poetic fire,
Which blazing in the glorious bards of old,
In Fames bright regiſter their names enrol'd.

PYGMALION and the STATUE;

OUT OF THE TENTH BOOK OF

OVID's METAMORPHOSES.

PYGMALION, once a famous Cyprian Lord,
All woman-kind, but moſt a wife abhor'd,
And rather choſe to lead a ſingle life,
Than taſte the nuptial pleaſures of a wife;
But chuſing to employ his time aright,
In ſculpt'ring took particular delight
And carv'd in iv'ry, a maid ſo fair,
That nature could not with his art compare!
Was nature to employ her utmoſt ſkill,
Here ſhe might copy, but could ne'er excell.
Pleas'd with his idol, he commends each part,
And wiſhes to enjoy the product of his art,
A perfect virgin in her face appear'd,
Compleat in ev'ry beauty, had ſhe ſtir'd;
One would have thought ſhe could have mov'd, but ſhe
Withheld her ſteps, to ſhow her modeſty.

Pygmalion's art ſo well perform'd the piece,
He lov'd, ador'd, nor could his fondneſs ceaſe;
He knows 'tis frenzy thus to love in vain,
Nor can the lover yet his love reſtrain,
The fleſh, or what the carver thinks is ſuch,
He vainly thinks ſeems ſofter at each touch;
Pleas'd with the thought, he kiſs'd the torpid dame
To eaſe his breaſt and mitigate his flame,
But ſtill the harden'd breaſt remains the ſame.
And now with eyes entranc'd he gazes on,
Yet thinks it mean to term the virgin ſtone.
Pygmalion thinks the kiſs more ſweetly warms,
Then hugs the ſtubborn idol in his arms,
But ſquezing hard, he back recoils with fear,
Leſt he ſhould hurt the thing he lov'd moſt dear;
Large treaſures to the marble he preſents,
With orient pearls, and gold, love's inſtruments,
Within her chamber he conceals her ſtore,
The thicken'd ſhelves an ample burden bore;
Here birds, indow'd with ſpeech, were plac'd on high,
And birds whoſe notes were heard melodiouſly,
Here fragrant flow'rs of ev'ry kind were mixt,
And ſcented amber thickly ſtrow'd betwixt;

Rich

Rich robes were round her beauteous body plac'd,
While rings her ears, her neck, a collar grac'd,
Whilſt an embroider'd zone ſurrounds her ſlender waſte.
Thus like a queen the idol is array'd,
With ev'ry grace but moſt the beſt diſplay'd;
The maid he lays on an erected bed,
With coverings of Sydonian purple ſpread,
Himſelf perform'd the rites, he calls her bride,
Then takes the ſtubborn virgin to his ſide,
As though ſhe had indeed a thinking mind,
Her head on downy pillows was reclin'd.
Now came at laſt great *Venus*'s feſtal day,
To which the Cyprians due devotion pay,
With gilded horns (the prieſt) the heifer brings,
Whilſt from his wound the blood impetuous ſprings;
Pygmalion with his off'ring, firſt was there,
When thus to heav'n he made his frantic pray'r:—
If all we mortals want you can ſupply,
Be your's the taſk, O Gods! to ſatisfy,
Give me my wife I wiſh, one *like*, he ſaid,
But durſt not ſay, give me my *iv'ry maid*,
The beauteous *Venus* preſent at the feaſt,
Heard his abrupt complaint, and ſoon the meaning gueſs'd,

The heav'nly ſtrumpet deigns to condeſcend,
For thrice in chearful ſpires the flames aſcend,
Swift to the iv'ry maid the youth returns
Whilſt in his heart and eyes, love's paſſions burns,
He rears her head, and views each lively charm,
He ſkiſs'd her oft, as oft ſhe feels more warm;
Next with his hand her marble breaſt he tries,
And every ſenſe of feel and ſight applies,
Hard as it was before, yet now not ſuch,
Relenting grown, and ſoft'ning with each touch,
Yet miſbelieving ſtill he tries again,
The mark he ſees, the dint appears more plain,
Like pliant wax, which working hands reduce,
With heat of fire diſolv'd and form'd for uſe,
He would believe but hinder'd in ſuſpence,
He ſummons every argument of ſenſe,
The veins beneath his hands impreſſion beat,
A living virgin full of juce and heat.
The Cyprian Prince aſtoniſh'd at the change,
Thanks her that wrought a miracle ſo ſtrange;
When fre'd from fear he now renews the bliſs,
And feels more ſweetneſs in the real kiſs,
His lips to her's he joins, which ſeems to melt,
The bluſhing virgin now his kiſſes felt,
Then on a ſudden open'd her bright eyes,
And view'd the light, and lover, with ſurprize.

A TRANS-

A TRANSLATION of a STORY,

FROM THE THIRD ÆNIED.

IN night's dark gloomy horror being loſt,
We chanc'd to ſtrike on blazing Ætna's coaſt,
Horrid and waſte the broiling mountain burns,
Which caſts out pitchy clouds and ſmoke in turns,
Vaſt ſhow'rs of aſhes in the ſmoke aſcend,
The molten ſtones and pitchy clouds attend,
With force a mountain from its place it blaſts,
Or elſe a rock in air with vi'lence caſts;
The bottom works with ſmother'd fire below,
And here the peſtilential vapours flow,
Encelades by *Jove*'s decree 'tis ſaid,
Beneath the mountain's pond'rous load was laid,
And when he heaves againſt the burning weight,
To change his broiling limbs,—an earthquake ſtreight,
Through all the iſle with wond'rous force is found
And Ætna thunders dreadful under ground;

Then

Then pours out ſmoke and wreathing curls on high,
Which blots the ſun and clouds the azure ſky.
Here in the ſhelter of the woods we lay,
And heard ſtrange yells which did us much diſmay,
Nor ſaw from whence they came, for all the night,
A low'ring ſtorm obſcur'd our piercing ſight,
Which o'er our heads hung with imperious blaze,
And kindred Cynthia's penetrating rays.
But now the ſun had ſhot his orient beams,
And drove away dark night and airy dreams,
All nature to our ſight was now reveal'd,
When in a neighb'ring foreſt we beheld,
The ghaſtly viſage of a wildred man,
Uncouth his features, meagre, pale and wan,
Afflictions foul, and terrible diſtreſs,
Did in his countenance his grief expreſs,
His locks diſhevel'd, matted was his beard,
To us the ſtranger now a Greek appear'd;
He firſt advanc'd with haſte and cautious fear,
But then he Trojans ſaw in full carear,
Stop'd ſhort, and back recoils with timid dread,
Precipitant with haſte he wildly fled:
Then thus aſſail'd our ears with ſolemn tone,
By ev'ry God that ſits on heav'n's high throne,

Relieve a wretch who doth your aid implore,
And bear me hence to ſome more friendly ſhore,
That I may ſhun this curs'd and ſavage race,
Of ſlaught'ring cannibals, fierce, wild, and baſe.
'Tis true that late I helped to deſtroy
With fire and ſword that fam'd Neptunian Troy,
And all the labour of the gods o'erturn'd,
The famous town of Troy we ſack'd and burn'd,
For which, this dire affliction on me ſhown;
O! let me in the deep plunge headlong down,
O'erwhelm'd in dark oblivion let me lie,
If man inflict it, and content I'll die.
'Twas here he ended, nor could further tell,
When proſtrate at our feet the ſuppliant fell;
From whence he came, we bade him to relate,
And how thus ſunk to this diſaſtrous ſtate;
The wretch to riſe, *Anchiſes* doth command,
And as a pledge of peace held forth his hand.
When now he had receiv'd encouragement,
Know then, ſays he, I am of low deſcent,
My name is *Achamenides*, he cri'd,
Greece was the country where I did reſide,
Ulyſſes our commander, who with fear,
Fled,—the inhuman Cyclops left me here,
Diſconſolate, forlorn, within the cave
Of *Polypheme*, the hidęous monſter's ſlave,

Within

Within a dungeon, horrible as hell,
And in the caverns of this gloomy cell,
On all ſides hung the mangl'd limbs of thoſe
Who fell the victims of his murd'ring jaws!
Himſelf a giant of ſtupendous ſize,
Hoarſe in his voice, like light'nings glar'd his eyes,
The limbs of murder'd wretches are his food,
And for his wine, he quaffs their ſtreaming blood.
Late did I ſee him, when with ſpacious hand,
He ſeiz'd two trembling captives of our band,
In either hand a trembling wretch he held,
My ſoul with horror at the ſight was fill'd;
I ſaw the monſter, when with dreadful ſtroke,
Their crackling limbs upon the ground he broke;
The pavement ſwam in blood and purple gore,
The ruggid walls with brains were ſpatter'd o'er,
He lapp'd the blood, inſenſible of harm,
He chew'd the mangled fleſh, with life yet warm,
That in his murd'ring teeth with life yet ſwell'd,
Mean while our chief with horror all beheld,
Not unreveng'd he bore their wretched fate,
Nor thoughtleſs of his own unhappy ſtate,
The giant gorg'd with human fleſh and wine,
Lay ſnorting in his den and ſtretch'd ſupine,
Belching raw gobbets from his hideous throat,
With purple gore and wine the giant fraught;

We ſtraight repair unto his ſingle eye,
For one did the vaſt ſpacious frame ſupply,
But that ſo large the ample orbit fill'd,
Like the noon ſun, or like a burniſh'd ſhield;
A forky ſtaff, we dextrouſly apply,
Which turning in the ſocket of his eye,
We ſcoop'd the vicid matter from its ſphere,
His face with filthy jellies we beſmear;
But let me not this interpoſe delay,
Fly, mortals, fly, from this curs'd place away!
A hundred of the ſame ſtupendous ſize,
A hundred cyclops have form'd joint alies,
Gigantic brotherhood that here reſide,
That ſtalk o'er mountain tops with haughty ſtride,
I oft have heard their ſhouts with awful dread,
And oft have ſeen them as the plains they tread;
I ſkulk'd along, half dead with cold and fear,
And ſcarcely durſt in open day appear.
Thrice has the moon trac'd all the realms of light,
Thrice travers'd the obſcure ſojourn of night,
Since firſt I liv'd in this forlorn retreat,
From ſhrubs and thorns to glean my ſlender meat.
As thus he ſpoke, we ſaw with proſpect clear,
Deſcending from a lofty forreſt near;
Blind *Polypheme*, with wearied ſteps and ſlow,
Deſcending from the neighb'ring mountains brow;

His

His way arround his flocks he did explore,
Groping along unto the well known ſhore,
At length he reach'd the margin of the flood,
And on the bank in awful poſture ſtood;
Full in the midſt of his vaſt front remain'd,
The ſpacious ſocket which his eye contain'd,
He rins'd the wound, with clotted blood ſpread o'er,
And waſh'd away the dangling ſtrings of gore,
Then fords the ocean with tremendous ſtride,
The topmoſt waves ſcarce reach'd his middle ſide;
Affrighted at the ſight, and fill'd with dread,
A chilling horror through our legions ſpread,
With winds and oars, we us'd our utmoſt force
To flee,—the monſter heard us in our courſe,
And with his out-ſtretch'd arms he gropes arround,
But when within his reach no captives found,
He rais'd ſuch bellows and ſtupendous yells,
The agitated ocean foams and ſwells,
E'en Italy, though many a league remote,
Return the echoes of his hideous throat;
Great Ætna agitated at the ſounds,
Through all its caverns, peal o'er peal rebounds.
Rous'd with the clamour of the dreadful roar,
The one-ey'd brotherhood haſte to the ſhore,
The bellowing *Polypheme* they ſtraight infold,
A dire aſſembly dreadful to behold;

Precipi-

Precipitant with haſte, away we bore,
A hoſt of giants now o'erſpread the ſhore.
Thus ſtands a foreſt tall of tow'ring pines,
Advanc'd in air its lofty head inclines,
The trav'ler in the vally hears below,
The hollow winds that in its lab'rinths blow,
He at a diſtance ſees them tow'ring riſe,
A ſtately proſpect waving in the ſkies.

HORACE, ODE XXII,

To ARISTIUS FUSCUS.

That through the Conſciouſneſs of his own Innocence, and the Favour of LALAGE, he was afraid of Nothing.

THE man of ſpotleſs life and pure from ſin,
O *Fuſcus*, does not need the javelin,
The mooriſh bow nor quiver does he uſe,
Laded with poiſon'd darts, death to infuſe,
Altho' he traverſe the unfertile lands
Of barren *Syrtes*, or its ſultry ſands,

Or

Or o'er *Caucaſus*, whoſe ruggid ſides,
The fam'd *Hydaſpus* rolls its foaming tides ;
For lately as I ſung, my *Lalage*,
Devoid of care, from all ambition free,
And chancing from my bounds for to withdraw,
A wolf within the ſabine wood I ſaw,
With rapid haſte the monſter from me flew,
Although I was unable to purſue ;
So large a monſter ne'er *Apulia* bred,
Although within the woods great numbers feed ;
In *Juba*'s ſultry land had never been
So great a monſter as I late had ſeen,
O place me in thoſe barren plains, and where
No ſhrub is nurſed by the genial air,
Or where nought but inclement fogs infeſt,
Which ſtill are with pernicious plagues oppreſt,
Place me beneath the ſun's hot ſcorching ray,
Where never man yet trod, or knew the way,
O there, for ever will I ſing to thee,
My ſweetly, charming, ſmiling *Lalage*.

A TRANSLATION,

OF A PART OF

HORACE's ART OF POETRY.

IF in a Picture you by chance ſhould find,
A mermaids tail to a fair woman join'd;
Or on a horſe a human caput plac'd
With various limbs of other creatures grac'd,
With different kinds of plumage feather'd o'er,
Of different birds who on their pinions ſoar,
Would you not think the painter turn'd a fool?
This book, as well, deſerves your redicule;
Whoſe incoherent ſtyle (like ſick mens dreams)
Varies all ſhapes, and mixes all extremes.
Painters and poets have been ſtill aſſign'd,
Their pencils and their fances unconfin'd,
This privilege unto them we freely give,
And think't but juſt, that they ſhould ſuch receive;
But nature's law and common ſenſe denies
To reconcile all groſs abſurdities;

Or

Or make a ſnake ingender with a dove,
And hungry tigers with the lambkins rove.
Some that at firſt have promis'd mighty things,
Applaud themſelves, from whence vain glory ſprings,
When a few florid lines in ſilence flow,
And through the reſt a ſimple dulneſs ſhow;
Here they deſcribe a temple on a hill,
A ſpreading foreſt, or a murm'ring rill,
A rainbow, or the flowing Rhine they paint,
Yet all their pictures of ſuch things are faint.
In other things they are as far to find
As one who nothing but a ſhrub deſign'd,
Would be a ſhipwreck, or a ſtorm to draw,
When you begin with ſo much pomp and ſhow.
Why is the end ſo worthy ridicule?
Do what you will ſtill keep a common rule;
Moſt poets naturally will make maſtakes,
But yet ſometimes 'tis ſeeming grandeur makes,
They grow obſcure when they would fain excell,
And loſs their vigour when they would write well;
Their ſpirits fail them, and their hopes beguile,
Whilſt others that affect a lofty ſtile
Swell with opinions till they're fit to burſt,
And end as ſimple as they were at firſt.

Some tim'rous fools at every blaſt will ſtart,
And fearing ſtorms dare not from land depart.
Some too, there be involv'd in frantic love,
Draw beaſts in rivers, fiſhes in a grove;
Thus fear of erring, join'd with want of ſkill,
Is a moſt certain way of erring ſtill;
The meaneſt workman on a poliſh'd ſquare,
May grave the nails, or imitate the hair,
But cannot end the piece which he begun,
What can be more ridiculous than that man?
For one or too good features in a face,
When all the reſt the portrait does diſgrace,
But make it more intolerably baſe.
Let poets ſtrength and ſubject equal weigh,
Their talents and their genius often try,
A ſerious and judicious plan purſue,
Method, and eloquence, attend on you;
As well the force as ornament of rhyme,
Conſiſt in writing in a proper time,
And knowing when and where to ſuit the muſe,
When moſt reluctant or when moſt profuſe,
You gain the point, if your induſtrious art
Can make ſtrange words glide ſmooth in any part;
But if you write of things new or abſtruce,
Words of your own invention you may uſe,
But he that hopes new language to contrive,
Muſt from the Grecian tongue his words derive;

And

And if without conſtraint they ſmoothly end,
Can an impartial reader diſcommend?
When *Ennius*, and *Cato*'s ſtyle abſtruce,
Has ſo adorn'd the language which we uſe,
Men ever had, and have in every time,
Right to coin words adapted to their rhyme;
Words are like leaves, ſome wither every year,
And annually a younger race appear.—
To death, and fate, all things in order low'r,
The lucrine mole, *Cæſar*'s ſtupendous pow'r
Who ſhields our navies from the northern foe,
Secures our ſoldiers from their overthrow;
For ſince *Cethegus* drain'd the Pontian deep,
Where others us'd to row, we plow and reap.
See how the Tyber, wafted by the gales,
O'erflow'd it's banks, and murmer'd through the vales,
Now ſmoothly rolls, nor can attain the land,
Confin'd by our great emperor's command;
Yet all ſhall be forgot, alike the fame,
Why then ſhould words eternal being claim,
When glorious heroes and their conqueſts die,
Uſe, may in time, the ſtrangeſt words imply,
And thoſe we baniſh which we now moſt teach,
'Tis cuſtom that alone directs our ſpeech.

Homer firſt taught, in Epic ſtyle, to write
Of Kings, commanders, and of martial might;
Elegies at firſt the ancients did employ,
To vent their grief, but now they're us'd for joy,
But to whoſe muſe we owe this ſort of rhyme,
Is quite myſterous in this modern time,
Rage iambics, arm'd *Archilochus*,
With argumentive fire, and active fuſs.—
The muſe of drama next aſcends the ſtage,
Conforms the pit and models all the age,
Gods, heroes, victors, all the Olympic fires,
Are now the ſubject of the ſounding lyres;
Why ſhould a poet's name adorn the fool,
Who neither knows nor will obſerve the rule,
And chuſes rather fooliſh to remain,
Then condeſcend inſtructions to obtain,
Let ev'ry ſubject have its proper time,
A comic ſubject loves a humble rhime,
Thyeſtes ſcorns a rural comic lay,
Nor gives the leaſt attention to a play,
Yet comedy perhaps may hence prevail,
Chremes be allow'd to foam and rail.
The actor who would have his audience ſhare,
His ſentiments ſhould equally prepare,
His wit and action for the people there;

We

We weep and laugh as other people do,
I would not weep, if others did not ſo,
And firſt is ſad himſelf, 'tis then I know,
(O *Telephus*) to laugh at other's woe;
I reſt beneath them as the heav'n's them ſent,
But if you bear them well I reſt content,
Your looks muſt alter as your ſubject move,
From mirth to ſorrow and from hate to love.

VERSES to CLARINDA.

FAIR nymph with fav'ring hand this theme receive,
A tribute due, 'tis all my ſoul can give,
Nor yet the grateful argument reject,
Nor let conceited pride your mind effect,
Know that the man who doth your charms rehearſe
Can the deſign from fair to foul reverſe,
Yet would I ſcorn the baſe, inglorious taſk!
And more my own, than your defects unmaſk.

Thou

Thou beauteous tyrant of my raptur'd ſoul,
Whoſe charms my boſom ſway without controul,
Thou idol of my mind, thou heav'nly fair!
How can my thoughts thy graces all declare!
Let ancient bards no more their *Helen* boaſt,
Nor ſing their Cyprian queen for ever loſt,
In thee, the rival of the world I find,
The maſter-piece of nature ſure deſign'd!
Thy ſparkling cheeks with Sharon's roſe compare,
Thy od'rous breath outſcents the ambroſial air,
Thoſe eyes like two bright orbs revolving move,
And all thy frame appears deſign'd for love,
But ah! fond fancy, wilt thou ne'er give o'er?
Preſume to paint the lovely form no more;
Oh! too delightful viſion, far retire,
In me 'tis but preſumption to admire,
That thou art fair let angels deign to ſay,
And ye celeſtial charmers! well ye may;
Yet wherefore ſhould this nymph ſo beauteous be,
Her charms, alas! ſhall never ſmile on me,
Her ſparkling eyes—no luſtre half ſo fine,
Thoſe bright tranſparent orbs, oh! how they ſhine,
Mild as the orient beams of dawning day,
Rekindled at fair beauty's pureſt ray,
Yet why ſo bright? they never deign to glow,
On this cold heart of mine engulph'd in woe,

Her

Her marble boſom, oh! 'tis heav'nly fair,
E'en angels ſelves might wiſh to ſlumber there;
With panting throbs, ah! ſee it gently move,
Warm with emotions of extatic love,
Yet why ſhould I the ſcene with tranſport eye,
For me it ne'er ſhall heave one gentle ſigh;
But deſtitute, forlorn, and void of joy,
In reſtleſs cares my ruthful time employ,
Thy fancy'd form is all that gives delight,
But ſoon eclips'd, and ſunk in languor's night;
Like ſome poor wretch bereft of chearful ſight,
No more to view the ſun's obſequious light,
Yet ſtill the doleful mourner vainly ſings,
Remember'd joy his fleeting fancy brings,
He ſings nor ceaſes daily to implore,
That ſun which ſhall illumne his ſteps no more.

TO A YOUNG LADY;

WITH A PARCEL OF DRAMATIC WORKS.

MADAM, theſe plays to you I ſend,
Leſt diſappointment ſhould offend,
The conſcious lovers I applaud,
Becauſe devoid of guile and fraud,
Here ſelf conviction ſtands confeſs'd,
With baſhful innocence impreſs'd,
Here ſmooth ſincerity appears,
Bath'd in the ſoul's contricious tears;
Copy the mortal nor deſpiſe
The plot, though in obſcure diſguiſe,
Amend thy ſoul by the deſign,
Where truth doth with contrition join,
Though oft in fabulous diſguiſe
Hid truth's inſtructing precepts lies,
When you peruſe, you'll find them pleaſant,
But I've no more to ſay at preſent;
Though hence in love I ſtand moſt fervent,
Your moſt devoted humble ſervant.

PALLAS,

PALLAS, VENUS, & FAME;

A PANYGRYC on the B—W LADIES.

ONCE on a time when tir'd with heav'nly ſport,
Three goddeſſes forſook the Olympic court,
The firſt ſage *Pallas* and the Cyprian dame,
The third, and laſt, came ever wide-mouth'd *Fame*.
Towards this earth their fleeting courſe they bent,
To ſee what kind of lives poor mortals ſpent,
Themſelves they entertain'd with heav'nly chat,
Sometimes admiring this and ſometimes that;
At length they furl their pinions and deſcend
Where Eden doth its limpid ſtreams extend,
Along the banks they roam with fond delight,
Pleas'd with the proſpect of the glad'ning ſight;
From Eaſt to Weſt, from North to South they ſoar,
And ſtill the more they ſee they praiſe the more.
At laſt the Paphian Queen the ſilence broke,
And thus the partners of her jaunt beſpoke:—
Hence let us ſhift, and ſearch if we can find,
Where moſt is to our honour now aſſign'd,

For by the Styx, I ſolemnly declare,
I find few ladies worthy of my care,
Till late in heav'n I came to underſtand,
Some yet remain in fertile CUMBERLAND,
But in what place, has quite eſcap'd my mind,
For which I wiſh the famous place to find,
To ſatisfy my doubts with preſent view,
And ſee if all I hear be really true.
Minerva heard, and prais'd the Queen's deſign,
Then off they flew with majeſty divine.
They ſoar'd, unknowing of the place they ſought,
When lo, great *Fame*, from her extenſive thought,
Explor'd the name, and thus to *Venus* cri'd,
" BOW is the place where Beauty doth reſide."
The heav'nly goddeſs then with loud acclaim,
Applaud the bleſt diſcovery of Fame;
" BOW is the place" they all tumultuous cry,
" BOW is the place" the echoing hills reply,
Here virtue, wit, and beauty ſtill remain,
With ev'ry grace that mortals can contain;
Great *Fame* her ample pinions ſtraight unfurl'd,
To ſpread her tidings round the ambient world,
Minerva here, with *Venus* fix'd her ſeat,
And here the graces find a calm retreat,
Who oft with envious looks are ſeen to frown,
And view thoſe beauties brighter than their own.

TO

TO LAVINIA.

O Thou ſurpaſſing rival of thy ſex,
Whoſe graceful charms my ruthful ſoul perplex,
Accept the theme nor with diſdain refuſe
The grateful tribute of th' indulgent muſe,
And thou *Caliope* aſſiſt my quill,
Whilſt I the great deſign in truth fulfil,
To paint *Lavinia*'s charms I ſeek thy aid,
That o'er my ſoul hath eaſy triumph made;
What tho' tormenting pangs my heart ſurround,
I ſtand in ſtrong, yet pleaſing fetters bound,
Like young *Narciſſus*, when beneath the flood,
He view'd his ſhape as on the verge he ſtood,
He gaz'd, admir'd, nor ceas'd to love the ſhade,
Yet ſtill he loves in vain, no love's repaid;
As he approach'd the phantom ſtill withdrew,
He pin'd and dy'd,—no longer could purſue.
So 'tis with me, in vain I hope to gain,
That glorious conqueſt I ſhall ne'er obtain;

Love and deſpair at once my breaſt annoy,
Nor reſt I find, or nature's eaſe enjoy,
This truth alone experience deigns to prove,
'Tis eaſier far to die than ceaſe to love;
Flames fierce as thund'ring Ætna rack my ſoul,
And paſſions unreſtrain'd tumultuous roll,
The dire contagion ſpreads through all my frame,
Nor ought but thee can quell the rav'ning flame—
But thee alone; alone for thee I burn;
For thee I love,—for thee deſpair and mourn.
With thee O fair, am I for ever bleſt!
And void of thee, eternally diſtreſs'd!

An EPIGRAM.

GET me ſome ſhifts *Coſmelia* cry'd,
(Poor Prodigality's fair bride)
Zounds! ſays the buck, what's this you ſay?
What need of ſhifts have we I pray,
Who make ſo many ev'ry day?

An EPISTLE to Miſs M. P—T—S.

DEAR Madam, though long abſcence may decay,
The thoughts of native joys and grief allay,
Yet in my breaſt a laſting friendſhip burns,
Which ſtill to thee—to thee with tranſport turns.
But ah! what language can that friendſhip ſhow,
What tongue pronounce the tribute which I owe?
Let this ſuffice to ſay I am your friend,
On whoſe eternal love you may depend.
Not all the ſtorms that ſhake the diſtant pole,
Shall curb the reſolution of my ſoul;
Freſh in my mind your kindneſs ſtill remains,
When here ſequeſter'd in theſe neighb'ring plains;
That lib'ral friendſhip which indulgent heav'n
Has nurter'd in your breaſt, by virtue giv'n,
When with celeſtial hand you ſtruck the lyre,
And caus'd my cares in raptures to expire,
Whilſt in harmonious ſtrains your voice you rais'd,
And the Almighty pow'rs with fervour prais'd,

Aſto-

Aſtoniſh'd angels liſt'ned from the ſky,
To hear a mortal with immortals vie!
How heav'd my breaſt at the tranſporting ſtrains,
The circling blood ran ſwiftly through the veins,
Through all my frame the magic poiſon ſpread,
My eyes inſatiate on love's banquets fed;
But ah! fond fancy, ſtop this anxious view,
Nor thus remember'd joys like theſe purſue,
Abaſh'd my conſcience ſtartles at the crime,
Nor dares to view a proſpect ſo ſublime,
Let greater bards the grand deſign eſſay,
Be mine the taſk your pleaſures to obey;
My pray'rs to heav'n for thee ſhall ever run,
And end in peace, that friendſhip well begun.
From all pollution keep that ſpotleſs mind,
Which heav'n alone for virtue has deſign'd;
Nor let preſumption with thy ſoul ally,
But ſtill the means conducive ill defy,
Indulge that bounteous paſſion heav'n beſtows,
And cultivate the ſpring from whence ſalvation flows,
Be this thy care, nor doubt the dire advance,
Of adverſe fortune or capricious chance,
I give no more—may heav'n ſupply the reſt,
And thou, MARIA, be for ever bleſt.

THE

The DEPARTURE.

A POEM.

WHAT doleful ſounds are theſe aſſail my ears,
Dejected grief in ev'ry eye appears,
No more the linnet warbles on the ſpray,
Sweet Philomel forgets her midnight lay;
The ſportive flocks forſake the velvet mead,
The ſwain, dejected, hangs his drooping head;
A ſolemn ſadneſs ſpreads o'er all the plain,
No more the fawns their wonted mirth maintain.
What dire portent is this alarms my breaſt?
The cauſe I fear yet can't the truth ſuggeſt,
A chilling horror ſpreads through all my veins,
My heart no more its wonted warmth retains.
But hark! methinks I hear the tuneful throng,
Thus mournful chant the melancholy ſong;
The joy, the pleaſure of theſe plains is dead,
Our hopes are gone,—the fair MARIA's fled!

No more ſhe deigns to head the ſportive choir,
No more enraptur'd ſwains intranc'd admire;
Hibernia's ſhore receive the beauteous dame,
And her Advance with loudeſt ſhouts proclaim,
To that bleſt land the fair directs her way,
Too bleſt in this our abject land to ſtay.
May heav'n protect the bark wherein ſhe ſails,
And ſpeed the veſſel with propitious gales:
But now prophetic raptures fire my mind,
A more than common heat my ſenſes find,
I ſee blue Triton, from the depth profound,
The ſhrill alarm from clime to clime reſound,
A placid ſtillneſs ſways the foaming deep,
The growling billows all ſerenely ſleep,
I ſee the bark ſkim o'er the ſounding main,
Whilſt Neptune ſteers her o'er the liquid plain,
She lands,—whilſt forward to the winding ſhore,
Admiring hoſts in clam'rous tumults pour.
Heav'n from all ages has preſerv'd for you
That ſacred land which venom never knew,
Or if it had, your eyes had pow'r alone,
To exterpate all poiſon but their own.
But ah, fond muſe, conclude the daring rhime,
Return with comfort to thy own ſad clime,
Expell thoſe gloomy cares that ſtand impreſt,
Involv'd in grief in ev'ry human breaſt;

Where

Where ſhall the bard a grateful patron know,
When from theſe ſhores the wand'ring nymph ſhall go;
Then may the muſe in dark oblivion ſleep,
And her loſt patronage for ever weep;
Can I e'er chuſe thee for my ſubject more,
Unleſs it be thy abſence to deplore.
O fair *Melpomene*, aſſiſt my quill,
Whilſt I the grateful elegy fulfil,
To ſing her praiſe whom I no more ſhall ſee,
By cruel fate ſequeſter'd far from me;
Then go thy ways, and heav'n thy ſteps protect,
In happier climes a happier fate expect,
Since fair Britannia hath her *Venus* loſt,
How may Hibernia the great conqueſt boaſt,
With vaunting airs the Britiſh dames defy,
And ſpread, with loud acclaims, thy beauty to the ſky.
As when great *Menelaus*, Sparta's king,
Of whom old bards in ancient ſtories ſing,
Had loſt the beauteous *Helen* from his arms,
He rag'd, and fill'd the world with loud alarms:
So I like him thy ſad departure grieve,
But not like him,—unable to retrieve;
Yet ſtill I ſing, with fouleſt grief oppreſt,
But thou, MARIA, be for ever bleſt.

EPITHALAMIUM.

HAIL! *Hymen*, thou propitious god of joy,
Come, now, thy genial influence employ,
Perfume with odours thy hymenial grove,
To bleſs this happy pair with endleſs love.
No perjur'd oaths are here, nor impious pray'r,
The tranſient hopes of fortune's gifts to ſhare,
But here two faithful hearts impartial join'd,
To make a happy pair in one combin'd;
When cloſely link'd in matrimonial bands,
Th' auſpicious god the mutual pair commands,
Sincerity the pow'r their motto names,
And love's records the bleſt proceeding claims.

THE

THE POOR MAN's COMPLAINT.

OH! heav'ns, how hard's a poor man's fate,
Who toils his bones both ſoon and late;
Who urg'd by poverty's rude call,
Muſt grope a paſſage ſtill through all,
Nor fortune ſpares one friendly ſmile,
To ſooth his woes, or cares beguile;
When ſcanty famine ſways the land,
And charity withholds her hand,
How hard muſt then his caſe appear,
Oppreſt with penury ſevere,
And now a parents comfort near?
No friend to mitigate his grief,
Or give the wretch the leaſt relief.
Yet happy is that man who's juſt,
And in his God confides his truſt,
When troubles rack his aching breaſt,
With fell deſpair and grief oppreſt,
Then heav'n ſhall all his wants ſupply,
And wipe away his miſery.

THE EXPROBATION.

HEAV'N is all juſt, tho' mortals may repine,
And impious dare Omnipotence divine,
Yet why ſhould man provoke th' Almighty pow'rs,
Since man on man his own misfortunes ſhow'rs?
Why frowns the monarch, tho' ſupremely great,
On him undeck'd with all the gems of ſtate?
The world ſtill haſtens to its final fall,
Each man is for himſelf, and God for all;
Yet where mankind but for themſelves prepare,
The Devil muſt an ample portion ſhare,
The proverb's plain, in ev'ry age we ſee,
Feed me to-day, to-morrow I'll feed thee,
He that has much ſhall ſoon augment his ſtore,
He that has little never ſhall have more.
Economy and truth forſake the land,
And frozen charity withholds her hand;
The rich muſt only live, the poor muſt die,
And juſtice ſeems this abject world to fly.
No more, Britannia, ſhall her virtues boaſt,
But weep, in dewy tears, her honour loſt;

Religion

Religion ſcandal'd, now conceals her head,
And weeps to ſee her ſad deſtruction ſpread.
See, where the prieſt in ſanguinary ſtrain,
Implores the people to repent in vain,
His ſoul appears all orthodox and zeal,
His ſermons founded on the public weal;
But ſtop his fees;—and then you'll ſee the prieſt,
Will not adviſe his people in the leaſt;
Give him his tithes, nor abſolution fear,
With ſmall repentance, heav'n our pray'r, will hear.
At drunkenneſs, aloud, in church he'll cry,
And the next moment to the tavern fly,
None at lewd whoredoms will more loud exclaim,
Yet none more apt to exerciſe the ſame;
Thus all mankind their favour'd faults condemn,
And blame but what is practiſed moſt them.
Perhaps the world may deem it an offence,
And ſay 'tis but ſarcaſtic impudence,
Yet ſtill the world much more than this deſerve,
From an offended bard they ſtrive to ſtarve;
If I my ſight for half a crown could gain,
Yet 'twas too much, I muſt opaque remain,
What favour can their hopes from heav'n expect,
Who this requeſt with inſolence reject;

The durid age of iron now backward treads,
And a more harden'd age of flint ſucceeds,
Love, truth, and juſtice, quit the abject earth,
Hate, fraud, and ſtrife, in turn receive their birth,
Earth's inmoſt cavern they for gold explore,
And to the verge of hell inveſtigate for ore!
Should I on bended knee their aid implore,
I may return as empty as before,
Heav'n from mankind the book of fate conceals,
But execution each event reveals,
Can all their ſupercillious ſplendid ſtate,
Avert the ſtern decrees of ſtable fate?
Would man on his original reflect,
And in his frail duration more inſpect,
He would not thus in arrogance aguſt,
Deſpiſe his reptile brothers of the duſt,
Did not at firſt from one quinteſſence ſpring,
That ſoul which animates both *Slave* and *King*,
And both alike an equal portion ſhare
Of his redundant and paternal care;
Since then great heav'n vouchſafe's his care to all,
Nor makes diſtinction 'twixt the great and ſmall,
Why then ſhould earthly man, with partial heart,
But honour to the man of wealth impart?
Tho' wealth's the fountain of all human woe,
He's only great, who his cramm'd purſe can ſhow;

See

See, where the lawyer, abſolutely big,
Moſt ſternly frowns beneath his awful wig,
Plac'd on the bench all ſolemn and demure,
As though his conſcience could no bribes endure,
Yet rinſe your optics, and you'll clearly ſee,
His lordſhip is ſir bull-face double-fee.
The courtier all ſedition diſavows,
Whilſt for a place the fawning ſpaniel ſues,
The milk white robes of truth are ſtain'd with fraud,
And ſtratagem's the ſcience we applaud.
Thus all mankind, in ſpite of heav'n and fate,
Purſue the axiom leaſt legitimate.

A SWAIN's

A SWAIN's COMPLAINT.

I.

O Aid my muſe with pow'r divine,
The theme which I purſue,
And let the great performance ſhine
With a celeſtial hue;
With ſacred raptures fire my breaſt,
Aſſiſt my fervent quill,
That ſo my love may be expreſt,
For her I worſhip ſtill;
I would, in more melodious ſtrains,
Sing more melodiouſly,
Of all the girls that trip the plains
Molly's the girl for me.

II.

Let ancient bards no more rehearſe
The beauties of that age,

Or

Or with enthuſiaſtic verſe,
The grateful theme engage;
Great *Helen* they no more can boaſt,
Nor the fair Tyrian Queen,
But weep their honours ever loſt,
And wiſh they ne'er had been;
I ſing in more impartial ſtrains,
From affectation free,
Of all the girls that trip the plains
Molly's the girl for me.

III.

Her glancing charms have fir'd my breaſt,
In vain I ſeek for eaſe,
Where love is in the mind impreſt,
'Tis violent to appeaſe;
Not great MONRO with all his cures,
Could heal the fatal wound,
The pains the love-ſick heart endures
None e'er but lovers found;
The poiſon runs through all my veins,
In vain I ſeek to flee,
Of all the girls that trip the plains
Molly's the girl for me.

IV.

Her breaſt is like the lilies fair,
  Her cheek is like the roſe,
Her breath outſcents ambroſial air,
  Her eyes are like the ſloes;
Thoſe eyes ten thouſand charms diſcloſe,
  'Tis heav'n itſelf to view,
She fills my breaſt with dreadful woes,
  Which I can ne'er eſchew;
My heart no more its ſtrength retains,
  I grieve eternally,
Of all the girls that trip the plains
  Molly's the girl for me.

V.

But ah! the fair relentleſs proves,
  Nor deigns to hear my pray'r,
Some other ſwain her boſom loves,
  And leaves me to deſpair;
I rant, I rave, I ſob, I ſigh,
  With various grief oppreſt,
I love, yet know no reaſon why
  My heart is thus diſtreſs'd;
Her frozen breaſt my ſuit diſdains,
  Becauſe in low degree,

Of all the girls that trip the plains
Molly's the girl for me.

VI.

But why ſhould I, in mournful ſtrain,
My hapleſs fate deplore?
Why thus in bitter grief complain
Of her whom I adore?
I ne'er ventur'd to diſcloſe,
The ſecrets of my breaſt,
The baleful flame ſhe never knows,
With which I am oppreſt;
She cannot mitigate my pains,
Till the diſeaſe ſhe ſee,
Of all the girls that trip the plains
Molly's the girl for me.

VII.

'Tis true, I muſt confeſs I'm poor,
By fell oppreſſion led,
To poverty's lone ruthleſs bow'r,
Whence ev'ry joy is fled;
Yet were I king of India's ſhore,
Nay, all the ambient ball,
For the fair nymph, whom I adore,
I'd free reſign them all;

Sole monarch in my breaſt ſhe reigns,
And ſways with tyranny,
Of all the girls that trip the plains
Molly's the girl for me.

VIII.

But now my thoughts are quite reſolv'd,
No longer will I mourn,
In love I cannot be involv'd
Without a kind return;
Soon ſhall the ſable vale of death
Repreſs my vital pow'rs,
Yet ſhall my laſt remains of breath,
Repeat that name of your's;
Then know the man whom you diſdain,
Lov'd in ſincerity,
Of all the girls that trip'd the plain,
Molly's the girl for me.

THE

THE JOYFUL ASSEMBLY;

A CANTATA.

HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO THE LADIES OF ORTON, AND ADJACENT VILLAGES.

BEGIN, O muſe, the ſoft enchanting ſtrain,
To harmony attune the lyre,
In notes melodious let the flutes complain,
Since all to mirth and joy conſpire.

Let love beſtow her genial aid,
With ev'ry graceful charm array'd,
That my glad heart may feel delight,
And hail this bleſt auſpicious night.

What mortal can the potent force withſtand,
Where love and nut-brown ale combine,
Not *Jove* himſelf his paſſions could confine,
If preſent at ſuch mirth divine.

See

See! how the winding mazy throng
In gentle courſes move along,
From end to end they ſwiftly move,
Each turn exciting gen'ral love,

Like *Delia*, when amidſt her ſylvan train
Of nymphs, returning from the chace,
In ſportive rings they gambol o'er th' plain,
And ſcarcely ſeem to touch the place.

So here the ſame delights I view,
The golden age theſe ſcenes renew,
Here muſic, love, and ale impart,
Their ample ſtores to glad the heart.

See! where yon lad cloſe hugs his charming laſs,
Held in his hand the glad'ning bowl,
The fair juſt yielding to his cloſe embrace,
Can ſcarce the glib conſent controul.

He ſmacks her ruby cheeks with zeal,
Nor can his ardent flame conceal,
Soft in her ear he breaths his fire,
Yet fears to diſappoint deſire.

But hark! what ſounds are theſe aſſail my ear,
From yonder corner they proceed,

Loud

Loud peals of laughter, mix'd with claps I hear,
And ſmiles in ev'ry cheek are ſpread.

'Tis ſome deprav'd, detracting fool,
Who void of ev'ry moral rule,
Strives with lampooning ſongs and cries,
The female ſex to ſtigmatize.

What thinking mortal can eſteem that man,
Who by his defamation ſtrives
To make reverſions in great nature's plan,
And at diſparagements connives?

I ſing the praiſe of all the ſex,
Since all alike my heart perplex,
Let him ſhun nature's ways who will,
I ſtand obedient to her ſtill.

That face which there out-ſhines the ſilver moon,
Deep captivates my conquer'd heart,
Her charms a ſignal victory have won,
A thouſand deaths her eye-balls dart.

Her cheeks appear vermilion red,
With bright celeſtial charms o'erſpread,
* *Simplex mundites*, wiſe without conceit,
With ev'ry beauty, charm, and grace, replete.

But

* Unaffectedly delicate.

But now concluſion rings through all the room,
They ſtagg'ring homeward bend,
And thoſe who from adjacent villa's come,
Their limbs in merry mood extend.

Each to her home conveys his laſs,
And there their am'rous bargains paſs
Till tir'd at length to bed they hie,
And there till day, loud ſnoring lie.

To Mr. WILLIAM H——N.

KIND Sir, I can but thank you greatly,
Since you've oblig'd me moſt completely,
Your gift was welcome, I confeſs,
I deem it ſuch had it been leſs;
Favours ſhould never be neglected,
But with due reverence reſpected,
Would I were in a ſituation,
To compenſate this obligation,
But ſince I can't, you muſt excuſe me,
And like another beggar uſe me.

Thank

Thank heav'n you have enough yourſelf,
Nor ſtand in need of tranſient pelf,
But if you did, kind ſir, don't doubt it,
Had I, you ſhould not go without it;
But ſince 'tis thus, I bid adieu,
You can ſerve me, I can't ſerve you.

HENRY ATKINSON.

TO thee, dear HENRY, I theſe verſes ſend,
To let you know I ſtill remain your friend,
But how ſhall I my fond affection ſhow,
How teach the lines in mutual times to flow?
My thoughts in void confuſion various run,
Which oft my muſe with diſappointments ſtun;
Now thoughts ſublime, employ my reſtleſs mind,
Now rous'd by rage, and now to mirth inclin'd,—
But let me not thus this account prolong,
But boldly perſevere, or right or wrong,
I tell you, ſir, that I at ſundry times,
Have metamorphos'd ſome dogmatic rhymes,

But theſe ſo rough, that oftimes I reſolve,
Amidſt the flames the papers to involve.
Tranſlation, too, I try with aching brains,
But ſtill each piece unfiniſh'd yet remains.
I part of HOMER's ILIAD once engag'd,
In vain *Atrides* urg'd, *Pelides* rag'd,
Nor *Ilion*'s fate could clear my clouded mind,
Obſcur'd from wit, to inſpiration blind;
Acroſtics here, and there, I ſcroll'd a new,
Yet odes, or ſtanzes, I compos'd but few;
My genius ſtill keeps running on elaſtic,
Which makes me write ſo very Hudibraſtic.
O would my tardy tantalizing muſe,
Be either more reluctant, or profuſe,
But why ſhould I my genius thus upbraid,
For want of wiſdom not in me diſplay'd?
Rather let me return due thanks to heav'n,
For the indulgent favours it has given;—
And now dear HENRY, in this place I give,
Some precept of advice which thou receive,
Since, if we may believe our Saviour's call,
A mite has value, when a mite is all.
Be not puft up whene'er thou ſhall behold,
The ſplendid proſpect of enticing gold,
Or if capricious fortune ſhould perchance,
Thee to the favours of the great advance,

Yet

Yet there, with care minute, thy actions ſcan,
And ſtill remember that thou art a man!
As through St. Giles's, or Martin's, you parade,
What ſwarms of belles and beaux your walk invade,
Yet theſe eſchew with the minuteſt care,
And keep all evil company aware;
May God protect you, then, from every evil,
Deſign'd by woman, man, or ghoſt, or devil,
Your friends as yet, are all in perfect health,
Nor phyſic need, nor raiment, food, or wealth.

The OPPRESSION of POETRY on POETS.

OF all the arts, ſublunar, or ſublime,
No art ſurpaſſes true ſubſtantial rhyme,
Since rhyme alone can mitigate diſtreſs,
Subſide affliction, and each grief ſupreſs;
'Tis like the glorious luminer of day,
Which chears the whole creation with his ray,

Which though ſometimes behind a cloud retir'd,
Breaks out again, and is by all admir'd;
The muſes pow'r can chaſteſt hearts alarm,
And even lend to perfidy a charm.
But ah, how is the heav'nly ſcience us'd,
With what accurs'd indignity abus'd?
No patron now beſtows the kind reward,
To compenſate the labours of the bard;
But he unminded in penurious care,
Gropes through the world, no man minds how, or where,
Muſt the back-kitchen be the poet's doom,
Whilſt the proud coxcomb ſtalks the dining room,
There to regale his guts, on dainty fare,
Whilſt the poor bard can ſcarce a mouthful ſhare!
Cold ſcraps of boney beef, and cruſts of bread,
Is food with which we poets muſt be fed,
Sometimes at tea, when all the reſt are done,
He may ſecure a baſon as his own,
Or if his puny bardſhip rather pleaſe,
He may enjoy a bite of Bread and cheeſe!
Or if a patron he perchance obtain,
Yet has he little reaſon to be vain,
For ſome ſmall favours granted now and then,
For him he muſt affront all other men;

When

Whene'er it ſuits his lordſhip's royal will,
He muſt directly exerciſe his quill,
Compoſe lampooning ſatires, for his guſt,
Againſt the man who is perhaps more juſt
Then is his lordſhip's ſelf, for whom he writes,
And thus indulges his accurs'd delights;
Cringing and fawning all the time for fear,
Some fatal juncture may diſturb him here.
I have been witneſs of this work myſelf,
When in extreme diſtreſs, and void of pelf,
I undertook to ſcribble for a man,
Who us'd to give me dinner now and then,
The man I libel'd was not worſe than he,
Since he was truly baſe, as baſe could be.
Thus may you ſee, contrary to our will,
We bards are forc'd to exerciſe the quill,
Whene'er our addl'd patrons have a mind,
Or elſe we throw our patronage behind.
But it were folly further to complain,
Since ev'ry thing in life is ſurely vain;
No one e'er knew a bard but what was poor,
Homer his Iliad's ſung, from door to door!
Ovid could ſcarce get liv'd he was ſo ſcanty,
Virgil ſold pots and crock'ry-ware at Matua!
More inſtances of this we may behold,
Amongſt our modern bards, as well as old;

The

The great *Will Shakeſpeare*, as I've been inform'd
The office of a link-boy long perform'd!
Dryden and *Thompſon* both were poor as *Job*,
And both in priſon have been known to ſob!
Great *Pope* whoſe writings ſuch delight afford,
But liv'd dependant on a gen'rous lord!
Tom Otway by corroding hunger died,
Nor *Chatterton* would better fate betide!
Thus if a poet would invert his ſtate,
He muſt invert the ſtern decrees of fate;
'Tis but to dwindle out our days content,
To regulate our former hours miſpent,
Our age at moſt can not exceed fourſcore,
And then the irkſome ſcene of life is o'er.

THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA;

TO A LADY.

DEAR Madam, to you, I direct this epiſtle,
In friendſhip refin'd, and tranſparent as cryſtal,
But faith I've begun in a critical minute,
For the devil a thing can I find to put in it;
So ſince I have nothing, I think 'twill be better,
To treat upon all things,—ſo fill up my letter.
Then firſt I proceed to ſay ſomething on RHYME,
Since chief of the arts, and of ſciences prime,
It models the ſoul and irradicates ſorrow,
Makes the fool of to-day be a wiſe man to-morrow;
Through poetry, beauty, and wit do impart,
Their greateſt allurements to gladden the heart.
And next upon ETHICS, I mean to diſcourſe,
Since 'tis from the paſſions our pleaſures have ſcource,

The

The greateſt is Love, whoſe omnipotent hand,
Can all other paſſions ſupreſs and command;
To heav'n the ſacred enjoyment we owe,
Since only from thence ſuch a bleſſing can flow,
It governs all tumults and clamourous jars,
Supreſſes all diſcord and enmitous wars;
The heart of a ſavage by love has been tam'd,
And Pity with Love a conjunction has claim'd;
On it doth depend the intire propogation,
Of the human ſpecies throughout the creation,
For which the great Donor conſider'd it mete,
The pow'r of that paſſion ſhould always be great.
On Anger, the next in its courſe I diſcant,
Which heav'n has pleas'd in our minds to implant,
This over our reaſon oftimes will prevail,
When once 'tis encourag'd 'tis hard to repel;
What ſin it muſt be to augment our deſpite,
When Chriſt has forbid us all rage to incite,
Forgive one-another, nor give other men,
Such things as you would not take from them again,
Moreover great *Solomon* ſays in his rule,
That anger preſides in the breaſt of a fool,
Then who would be ſaid to be wanting of ſenſe,
When he may be wiſe if he loves innocence.
In this my next treatiſe I treat upon Fear,
A paſſion that ſeems great dominion to bear,

Yet

Yet this is occaſion'd by weakneſs alone,
Tho' ſome entertain it who aged are grown;
How often the church-yard, or dark dreary ſhade,
The clown lurks in ſecret to fright the young maid,
Yet this is contrary to peace you will find,
To health prejudicial, and hurtful to mind:
How oft do we ſee that young folks by a fright,
Are rob'd of their reaſon, no more to be right!
'Twere well if young people by this would take heed,
Would not let their games nature's bounds ſuperſede,
But now on this ſubject I've dwelt pretty long,
I hence now muſt ſhift, ſo proceed with my ſong.
ASTRONOMY, next, ſhall employ all my care,
To mark out the orbit and courſe of each ſtar;
Then firſt in the centre great *Phœbus* preſides,
In due regulation the others he guides;
I know heretofore it has oft been the cuſtom,
To mention dark *Saturn* the firſt in the ſyſtem,
But I place the *Sun* firſt, ſince to him I owe,
Life, light, heat, and motion, which elſe we'd not know.
Great *Mercury* next to the ſun we ſurvey,
Too far, or too near, in your ventures to ſtray,

This planet revolves in a moſt rapid force,
In eighty-eight days he performs his whole courſe.
The next to this planet, bright *Venus* appears,
Moſt pleaſant and gentle of all other ſpheres,
This fifty nine millions of miles from the ſun,
Two hundred and odd days her journey is run.
And now I ſhall treat on this ponderous Ball,
Which rolls on apace in the midſt of them all,
Three hundred and ſixty-five days are our year,
By plain demonſtration and proof doth appear,
Our diſtance from ſol, by the beſt computation,
Is eighty-two milions of miles of this nation,
The moon which attends on the earth by the night,
Supplies her inſtead of the ſun with its light.
The next in his circuit comes thundering *Mars*,
With *Jupiter* rolling along through the ſtars.
Old *Saturn* comes laſt, thrice as big as them all,
A large froſty, dark, and unanimate ball,
He's near thrice as far as the earth from the ſun,
Takes twenty-nine years his whole journey to run;
But ah! how amazing the diff'rence muſt be,
Betwixt this cold planet and bright *Mercury*,
An hour's froſt like their's would pierce us to the bone,
Congeal the heart's blood and tranſmute us to ſtone,

But

But heav'n omnicient has order'd it ſo,
Each place ſuits the being that's ſtation'd thereto.
I've nought on the ſcience of MED'CINE to ſay,
Unleſs that it be ſome advice to convey,
Which is, that you follow dame Temperance ſtill,
And then you will neither need potion or pill.
For MUSIC I need to ſay little about it,
Since you're of opinion you're better without it,
But let me inform you, its good in ſeaſon,
To ſhift melancholy and elevate reaſon.
The CHYMICAL ſcience I don't much profeſs.
But I ſhall ſay ſomething on't nevertheleſs,
Reducing of ſolids, and mixing of fluids,
Are matters I leave to the reverend Druids;
I could mix an acid and alkaline body,
As ſqueezing a lemon amongſt brandy toddy,
To all other parts I'm entirely a ſtranger,
As any old horſe that eats hay in a manger.
And now METAPHYSICS employ my dull muſe,
Tho' this is a ſcience to all men abſtruce,
It ſeems as a queſtion of the greateſt doubt,
Whether man has a ſoul or he ſtill goes without,
But ſince I'm unſkil'd in ſuch matters as theſe,
Perhaps the deciſion I'd make would not pleaſe,
Therefore for the preſent I'll ſay nought about it,
But leave ſome kind critic henceforth to diſpute it;

Some writers informs us the devils have given
A body more denſe than the angels of heav'n,
This I can't believe but condemn it a jeſt,
Elſe ſome men would have a d—d fright in the breaſt;
An old chriſtian rabbi ſomewhere doth record,
That *Gabriel* was ſent to the earth by the Lord,
With all expedition was haſting him down,
And knock'd, with his wing, a lump out of the moon,
From this we would think that the angels of God,
As well as the devils had bodies beſtow'd.
The Pſalmiſt records whom we ſo much admire,
The ſervants of God are as a burning fire,
Fire carries a body from this I conclude,
That angels with bodies, tho' light, are endow'd.
And now with RELIGION I finiſh the whole,
The ſcource of ſalvation and balm of the ſoul,
Tho' it is debas'd and corrupted of late,
Yet ſtill it retains a moſt great eſtimate,
The prieſts are become ſo lucretive that they
Without you well pay them one moment won't pray,
The gold which the ſervants of God did adorn,
Is now to diſguiſe lewd hypocricy worn,
Yet hope ye believers that God will uncloak
Thoſe wolves and expel them with haſte from the flock.

Ought

Ought we not to offer continual pray'r
To God, who hath ſtation'd all things as they are,
That ſo through Repentance we then may attain,
That glory for which hoſts of Martyrs were ſlain:
May God of his mercy grant this to be done,
Through the mediation of JESUS his ſon.

The MORTUARY GUINEA,

AN EPIGRAM.

THROUGH long diſeaſe, old Tom gave up
the ghoſt,
Which fled immediate to the Stygian coaſt,
His ſon, *Salathiel*, now by happy fate,
Falls headlong heir into a good eſtate.
No ſooner was poor Tom laid in his grave,
Then ſtraight the parſon comes his dues to crave:

I want

I want the tribute,—quoth my ſubtle ſire,
A Guinea's all, at preſent, I require,
A Guinea!—quoth *Salathiel*, what the duce,
Sure this is ſome new cuſtom,—damn the uſe,
We pay for coming into life—but I
Ne'er thought that we ſhould pay when we do die!
Huſh, quoth the reverend father, in a pet,
I've ſomething elſe, good friend to tell you yet,
The mortuary Guinea's all I crave,
You need not thus begin to rant and rave,
Beſides it is a cuſtom, quoth the prieſt,
When people die, they ſtill pay this, at leaſt.
O!—now I ſmell you, quoth the country boor,
You need not hint a ſentance of it more,
'Tis *Purgatory Guinea*, I ſuppoſe!
And faith, a fine excuſe you have, God knows;
But firſt perform your office, I deſire,
And pray my father's ſpirit through the fire,
'Tis mete you ſhould three days moſt fervent pray,
To help my father's tardy ghoſt away,
Or ſoon I can inform you, ſacred ſir,
You ſhall not have one ſingle farthing here.
The prieſt was hum'd, and ſoftly ſlunk away,
Nor durſt another word about the guinea ſay!

THE COMPLAINT.

I.

LIST with pity to affliction,
And vouchſafe attention due,
Let your gambols have reſtriction,
Since the ſad narration's true.

II.

I the wretch you now admire,
Might be jocund like to you,
But all pleaſures far retire,
Hence I bid all joys adieu.

III.

Hard alas! is my condition,
Yet more hard this abject world,
Since through their auguſt ambition,
I in endleſs grief am hurl'd.

IV.

IV.

Heav'n predeſtines our diſtreſſes,
We in vain attempt to fly,
Happy he whom fortune bleſſes,
Happy he, but wretched I.

V.

Thus diſconſolate I wander,
To explore a reſting place,
But alas! malignant ſlander,
Spreads arround my foul diſgrace.

VI.

I confeſs I'm truly poor,
By ſevere oppreſſion led.
As a ſheep from door to door,
To implore my bitter bread.

VII.

Poverty is ſure ſufficient,
Void of other woes combin'd,
But great heav'n has commiſſion'd,
I muſt both be Poor and Blind.

VIII.

Oh! that dreadful thought of anguiſh,
Oh! it racks my aching breaſt,
Muſt I thus for ever languiſh,
Thus for ever unredreſs'd?

IX.

Why was I with underſtanding
Thus above my ſtate endow'd?
Why emotions thus commanding,
And no other good beſtow'd?

X.

Senſeleſs of the daily pleaſures;
Which attract the human eye,
Quite unknowing of the treaſure,
Which the common minds employ.

XI.

All appears to me as folly,
Since to me no joy they yield,
Gloomy care and melancholy,
Are the ſcenes to me reveal'd.

XII.

Sol in vain performs his duty,
Vain his glorious beams to me,
Or the firmamental beauty,
I theſe ſcenes no more ſhall ſee.

XIII.

Like the youth who grieves at parting,
With the miſtreſs of his heart,
I conceive an inward ſmarting,
For thoſe ſcenes from whence I part.

XIV.

Why has all productive heav'n,
Made ſuch wonders manifold,
And not this enjoyment given,
This alone me to behold.

XV.

Fate it is that governs fortune,
Tho' vile mortals may repine,
Your condition, this I'm certain,
May be ſoon the ſame with mine.

XVI.

XVI.

Since 'tis heav'n's preordination,
Things ſhould all be as they are,
I ſhould ceaſe my lamentation,
And the grand inſult repair.

XVII.

Yet the human diſpoſition
Prompts us often to our ill,
And inverts our good condition,
Urg'd by our relentleſs will.

XVIII.

If this, my diſtreſs'd narration,
Can't excite one piting tear,
Sure the foe to your ſalvation,
Long before me has been here.

XIX.

But 'tis time for a concluſion,
Of my melancholy ſong
You perhaps are in confuſion,
Why I perſever'd ſo long.

THEODORE AND LEONTINE.

ONCE with Fortune's richeſt gift endow'd,
Liv'd *Theodore*, the pride of Tempe's plains,
Whoſe generous heart with lib'ral hand had dealt
His diſtributions to the needy poor,
And thoſe, who griping poverty oppreſt,
They ever found relief from *Theodore*;
'Twas pain, 'twas anguiſh, to his gen'rous ſoul
To hear the voice of grief, and not ſupply.
Bleſt with a partner of unequal worth,
The ſwains admire, and praiſe their guiltleſs life,
He a kind pitying angel ſent on earth
She, lovely, blooming, ſweet, *Emilia*;
Thus, they their minutes paſt in life's fair ſpring,
Adoring ſtill that pow'r who ſent ſuch good,
But ah! not long their happineſs muſt laſt,
Heav'n now demands the bliſs it only lent;
In one ſhort night, ſad diſtructive flames
Enkindled by the light'ning's livid glare,
Reduc'd them, by returning dawn of day,
To ſad diſtreſs and poverty extreme:

Tho'

Tho' gracious Providence, indulgent pow'r!
Their little ones to ſave, ſtretch'd forth its hand,
And at the midnight hour ſafe led them forth
From the dark path that to diſtruction leads.
His hapleſs fortune *Theodore* bemoan'd,
And thought kind heav'n unjuſt! Preſumptuous man!
Who ſhould atton'd its vengeance with his pray'rs,
And unrepining, humble in the duſt.
Thus low reduc'd, he caſt his eyes arround
On thoſe who in his happier days he fed,
But ah! moſt piercing woe, thoſe friends are fled,
His friends, like his paſt riches, diſappear.
With gentle patience, ſtill *Emilia* tries
From her lov'd lord her ſuff'rings to conceal,
Oft would ſhe wipe the tears that bath'd his cheeks,
And bids him let his breaſt ſome comfort feel;
But ah! when dire afflictions rack the ſoul,
Reaſons are uſeleſs, arguments are vain,
No comfort in philoſophy we find,
Tho' we its deepeſt moral page explore!
A while, he faintly ſtrove his fate to bear,
But ah! his feeling ſoul could not ſuſtain
To ſee, involv'd in this ſad ſtate, his love,
And hear his infant babes, unhelp'd, lament.—

'Twas

'Twas night, no moon appear'd, dim ſhone the
ſtars,
When *Theodore* a neighb'ring torrent ſought
To put an end, at once, to all his woes!
His mind o'er charg'd with miſery and grief,
He now approach'd the venerable place,
When lo, a light, his wand'ring eyes beheld,
Which from a neighb'ring grotto ſeem'd to come,
Old *Leontine*, the hermit, ſtruck his ſight,
And made him, for a while, defer his fate:
He nearer drew,—when ſay, my ſon, he cry'd,
Why at this ſilent hour, when all is calm,
Thou ſeek'ſt the gloom, and to thy health denies
Sleep, ſweet refreſhment, life's eſſential reſt?
Briefly does *Theodore* his woes recount,
His ſuff'rings far too great for him to bear;
Hither I come, he cried, to meet my fate,
Hither I come, impell'd by deepeſt woe,
And ſure, not heav'n itſelf, can ſay 'tis wrong,
Or nature ſhrink appal'd at the dire ſtroke.
If 'tis a crime, misfortune ſtrikes the blow,
And may moſt loudly plead in its defence.
Thus *Leontine*,—miſtaken mortal, ceaſe,
Nor dare thy impious purpoſe to applaud,
If thou couldſt wiſh that thus thy impious ſoul
Should e'er to peace or happineſs attain;

Think'ſt thou, that God, tho' infinite his grace,
Will not hurl ſure perdition on his head,
Who dares, unſummon'd, meet his maker's looks,
And ruſh, unbid, before his awful throne!
Whate'er's thy lot in life, yet this believe,
God ever is, and ever will be juſt.
Thy woes he will relieve when he thinks fit.
By me, high heav'n its pleaſure doth declare,
And means its juſtice, infinite, to ſhew.
Know then, that virtue's heav'n's moſt high delight,
And happineſs from miſery may ſpring.
Deep in yon cave, obſcure, and hid from day,
As late, by contemplations led, I roam'd,
For ages paſt beneath the mould'ring earth,
Treaſure conceal'd, by ſcriptive marks betray'd
To me, tho' void of uſe, the ſhining ore
I ſearch'd and found, which I to thee reſign;
Receive it then, and Providence addreſs,
And own the goodneſs of a God ſupreme.—
With grateful heart he thanks the gen'rous ſire,
Then to *Emilia* flies with the glad news!
Wealth crown'd their future days and oft they bleſt,
The good old hermit, in his moſs grown cell.

THE

THE SUICIDE.

A PASTORAL.

'TWAS in that ſeaſon of the year,
When Sol in Cancer reigns,
When his bright beams obſequious cheer,
The hoary northern plains.

When *Thyrſis*, deep oppreſt with woe,
Sought the ſequeſter'd ſhade,
Fell ſorrow ſat upon his brow,
Which inward grief betray'd.

The bird of night, with dreary croak,
With horror ſtruck the ear,
The raven from the hollow oak,
Mark'd melancholy near.

The wintry, hoarſe, reſounding main,
Beat foaming on the beach,

Wild

Wild echo anſwer'd back the ſtrain,
With counterfeited ſpeech.

The ſcene ſtruck horror to the ſoul,
The moon ſcarce deign'd her light,
The ſtars their briliant rays controul,
And faintly glean with light.

And muſt I thus for ever mourn,
The trembling lover ſaid,
Thus in eternal torments burn,
And love, tho' unrepaid.

Ah! thou relentleſs, ſtubborn fair,
Thou tyrant of my heart,
Can thy cold breaſt no comfort ſpare,
To mitigate my ſmart.

Ah! cruel fate's who governs all,
With wiſe omnicient eye,
Why did I not in battle fall?
Why not in battle die?

When through the briny main profound,
We chas'd the hoſtile foe,
Why were my cares with conqueſt crown'd,
Severer cares to know.

When o'er America's wide plain
We plung'd through floods of gore,
Where heaps on heaps of men were ſlain,
And artful thunders roar.

Why were proud Gallia's ſons ſo kind,
To ſpare my wretched breath?
But this in future time to find,
A ſtill ſeverer death.

For ten long years Britannia's lord,
Did I undaunted ſerve,
For him I bore the Britiſh ſword,
His freedom to preſerve.

But ah, alas! my toils are vain,
No recompence I knew,
Ophelia treats me with diſdain,
My nation flights me too!

Oft did I hope through trains of toils,
My fortune to improve,
And to return with richeſt ſpoils,
Victorious to my love.

When plenty fluſh'd my youthful years,
That love would on me ſmil'd,

But

But now too late the truth appears,
I only was beguil'd.

For her I ſtood the long campaign,
In diſtant climes unknown,
But now ſhe treats me with diſdain,
And cares my labours crown.

Oh cruel land! Oh cruel fair!
And deſtinies unkind,
Muſt I for ever thus deſpair,
Nor the leaſt comfort find.

Yet death ſhall end the trying ſtrife,
That fate forbears to do,
My hand commands my death,—my life,
I droop—I die for you!

He ſaid, and with a fatal blow,
Deep plung'd the piercing ſteel,
In his cold heart tranſfix'd in woe,
Supine the lover fell.

He fell, and falling ſpurn'd the ground,
With carnage deeply dy'd,
His ſpirit iſſued at the wound,
He ſigh'd, and groan'd, and died.

An EPISTLE to Miſs D. E—W—D.

FAIR Nymph, this friendly argument receive,
The grateful tribute of a bard unknown,
Tho' this is all his ſcanty muſe can give,
Yet do not on the gen'rous preſent frown.
I doubt not but you may be much alarm'd,
From me you never ſaw, thus ſtrange to hear,
Whoſe ſoul is with a genuine pity warm'd,
Whoſe morals are refin'd, and quite ſincere.
From friends alone your ſtate I underſtand,
To them this good intelligence I owe,
This work I undertake at their command,
My love, eſteem, and pity thus to ſhow.
Hard is the lot which heav'n to you aſſigns,
Severe, ah! too ſevere the ſtern decree;
Yet he is truly great who ne'er repines,
Or ſhrinks in ſoul at fell calamity.
Heav'n is all-wiſe and works but for the beſt,
Short ſighted mortals apprehend the worſt:
He who's for ſome great cauſe unknown diſtreſt,
Thinks he for heav'n's diverſion is accurs'd.

Nor

Nor thinking that his former wickedneſs,
Was meritorious of a puniſhment,
But impious blames the Gods for his diſtreſs,
Or thinks by chance his malady is ſent.
The dark decrees of fate we never know,
Futurity is from our ſight conceal'd,
Till fate ſhall ſtrike the executing blow,
And there the miſtery is all reveal'd.
Men, like the Titans, make attempts on heav'n,
Their future fate, and fortune to explore;
Till baffled in their ſchemes, and downward driv'n,
Lay waſte, confounded, as they were before:
Then be compos'd, place all thy truſt in heav'n,
With patience wait the iſſue of the event:
He who you think has all theſe evils giv'n,
May ſoon invert to bleſſings all that's ſent.
Then ceaſe to weep, 'tis ſin in us to grieve,
In this we blame Omnipotence divine;
He who ſends all our woes can all relieve,
If we the reverence due to him aſſign.
Chriſt wiſely ſaid, ſhow me that ſingle man
Who harbours in his breaſt corroding care,
Can add unto his length one ſingle ſpan,
Or e'en retain it when that ſpan is there.
Behold the nodding lillies on the plain,
No toils, no irkſome labour do they know;

Yet

Yet *Solomon*, in all his vaſt domain,
No glories ſplendid as theſe flow'rs could ſhow.
Shall not the mighty God who governs all,
Who hears the ravens when for food they cry;
With ear impartial hears his creatures call,
And with a parents care their wants ſupply.—
Accept the feeble tribute which I give,
I hope they are acceptable to you;
You may perhaps hereafter more receive,
But now I bid the muſe and you adieu.

A SOLILOQUY ON LIFE.

WHAT are the pleaſures life can repreſent,
That our purſuits are thus ſo anxious bent?
Life's but an emblem of a winter's day,
This moment here, the next far, far away!
A wilder'd maze, confin'd, yet infinite,
Which neither yields enjoyment or delight.
Our life is but a univerſal ſtage,
Mankind unanimous their parts engage;

Time

Time ſhifts and prompts the ſcenes of tragedy,
Death ends the drama in eternity!
Yet various are the parts men undertake,
A quick diſpatch in this dull work to make.
The Miſer ſtudies to augment his ſtore,
He ſtarves himſelf, his ſervants do no more,
Who could expect that he, who would deny
His own, would other people's wants ſupply?
Like *Tantalus*, he ſtill in plenty ſtarves,
And puniſhes himſelf as he deſerves;
What happineſs from life can we receive,
When we deny ourſelves what it would give?
The Spendthrift next employs the ſhifting theme,
As far contrary, to the laſt extreme,
He laviſhes profuſely round his ſtore,
And thinks his preſent joy will ne'er be o'er.
But ah, alas! how fatal is the ſcene,
When pinched Poverty aghaſt ſteps in!
Extravagance is now exchang'd for nought,
He's wiſe too late, his wiſdom's dearly bought;
The miſer ſtarves in wealth, he ſtarves in want,
He would enjoy what t'other will not grant.
Ye youthful prodigals your ears incline,
To prudent council, moral, not divine,
Be neither parſimonious, or profuſe,
But ſtill the middle way let prudence chuſe.

See! where the frantic Monk invokes his ſaints,
To pardon all his ſins with falſe complaints,
With ſuperfluous pray'r he counts his beads,
And ſays, where one might ſerve, an hundred creeds;
In ſupererogation, too, he brags,
And proudly flutters, tho' equipt in rags!
And oppoſite to him, O muſe ſurvey,
The dwindling Proſtitute in his decay!
Nor pray'r, remorſe, or penitence e'er curb'd
His lew'd enjoyments, or his luſts diſturb'd,
Or if they did, he ſlip'd them ſmoothly by,
And ſaid, when he'd more leiſure, they might cry.
The Bigot thus,—and thus the Debauchee,
Hold each thus too his own abſurdity.
See where the Hero in the crimſon field,
Seeks honours, fame or fortune ne'er ſhall yield,
Urg'd on by thirſt of conqueſt, ſtill he ſtrives,
To reach that fame at which he ne'er arrives;
Infatuated mortal thus to think,
That glory ſtands but on deſtruction's brink;
Let not miſguided hopes allure thy eyes,
Act well thy part there all thy honour lie;
Confirm a peace with God and all mankind,
And gain the recompence for that aſſign'd.

Then view the hermit in his moſs-grown cell,
Where peace, content, and virtue ever dwell ;
To no ambitious aims his views aſpire,
To live contented is is ſole deſire ;
He ſcorns the dire emotions of the field,
Nor would for honour bear the pond'rous ſhield ;
His God and Heav'n, employ his conſtant care,
He only hopes for real glory there.
Then why ſhould man with anxious toils employ,
Their minds on what they never can enjoy ?
Life is a bauble, fleeting as the wind,
A ſtate of probity for all aſſign'd.
Then let us learn to huſband well our ſpan,
For 'tis the work that magnifies the man.

A SOLILOQUY ON DEATH;

INSCRIBED TO A LADY.

HAIL, lovely fair! for whom the penſive bard,
In mournful elegy attempts to ſing,
Whoſe griefs not reaſon's pow'r can e'er retard,
Nor ſtem the ſcource from whence thoſe ſorrows ſpring.

But ſay, my ſoul, is this humanely done,
Thus to encourage ſorrow? no, 'tis wrong;
Such dire vindictive maxims ſhould I ſhun,
And turn to reaſon's calmer ſtrains my ſong.

Death is a tribute all things owe to fate,
Men at their births the fatal debt engage,
The penalty we pay or ſoon or late,
Since nought death's ſtern demand can e'er aſſwage.

The

The monarch like the ſubject is o'ercome,
At Death's unerring blow, they mutual fall,
They reſt congenial in the dreary tomb,
There both alike participate in all.

They who in life, in jarring enmity,
Employ'd their brooding minds with buſy care,
Now in the grave with ſocial union lie,
No more to mix with friends a civil war.

This is the common rendezvous for all,
Here all life's travellers direct their way,
In ſlumbers here they wait th' eternal call,
To rouſe them into never ſetting day.

The rich, the poor, the coward and the brave,
The ſtarving beggar and the vaunting beau,
Here in the rueful regions of the grave,
Alike one common entertainment know.

The haughty lord, in indolence ſupine,
Who long had gorg'd his paunch with dainty fare,
Is now compell'd his banquets to reſign,
And yield to gnawing worms an equal ſhare.

The vain coquet, who long with buſy care,
At toilet oft employ'd her leiſure hours,

Who ſtrove, in ſpite of fate, to look more fair,
Her beauties now the groveling worm devours!

Ye dames of Britain, who with gaudy pride,
Your ſole devotion in yourſelves employ,
Lay all thoſe tranſitory joys aſide,
Since death will ſoon thoſe fleeting charms deſtroy.

Beauty is but the bloſſom of our youth,
When age appears the alluring picture flies,
Then chuſe the mental beauty, heav'n-ey'd truth,
With ſmiling innocence that never dies.

See! where the philoſophic ſage, with pride,
Inveſtigates new ſyſtems infinite,
Nor heav'n nor hell are from his fancy hid,
Till death—relentleſs death here ends his flight.

Tremendous apprehenſions! how I ſhrink!
When thus eternity's dark ſcenes I ſcan,
On death, on heav'n, on hell,—on all to think!
The thought is God's, too weighty far for man.

How ſwift we ſweep through this our fleeting courſe,
Life's paſſage, ah! how ſhort,—dread death how nigh!

And

And yet we ſeem the paſſage to enforce,
As though we were afraid we ne'er ſhould die.

Mankind is ſtill complaining life is ſhort,
And yet accelerate their journey hence!
Maturity they ſeek, old age they court,
When age attain'd they're wiſhing to be thence!

Oh! that mankind would practiſe well their time,
Exert the preſent moment they enjoy,
To rear the mind to ſentiments ſublime,
Nor thus a life in vanity employ.

Time unperceiv'd moves on with ſwifteſt pace,
Yet ſeems to move decripid with his age,
Behind him death appears with haggard face,
Stern hypocrite, obſcur'd in friendly rage.

A general ravager, a wordly thief,
To ſwallow up whole thouſands at a meal,
Inflexible to weakneſs, or to grief,
Will nought to move thy ſtubborn arm prevail.

Thy ſtorehouſe is the grave, there, there appears,
Th' inglorious conqueſt thou through time haſt made!

The whole production of ſix thouſand years,
Is now by thee in dark oblivion laid.

Yet know, thy pow'r and empire here muſt end,
When CHRIST ſhall come to judge this nether ball,
With ſounding trump, ſhall heav'n's high concave rend,
And from their beds dull ſlumb'ring mortals call.

Then ſhall they ſpurn thy bonds, and ſwiftly fly,
Exulting through the bright etherial way,
To hail their Saviour in a happier ſky,
And live with him in never ſetting day!

A PRAYER.

A PRAYER.

HAIL, mighty Father! God of all!
In whom the juſt rejoice;
To whom whole worlds obedient fall,
Hear, hear my ſuppliant voice?

Conduct me through this wilder'd path,
With thy all-guiding hand,
That I may learn to ſhun thy wrath,
And wait on thy command.

Let me be neither high nor low,
But in a medium ſtate,
Leaſt I too great thy rules forego,
Or poor I curſe my fate.

Make me contented with my lot,
Nor let my heart ~~repine,~~
For be I great or be I not,
'Tis thy great will divine,

Great

Great heav'n ſtill works but for the beſt,
  Tho' men conceive the worſt,
He who's content is truly bleſt,
  If diſcontent, accurſt.

If I am blind, need I to grieve,
  'Twas heav'n's all-wiſe decree,
Who could with eaſe my loſs retrieve,
  If that were mete for me.

Yet know the man that's truly juſt,
  And in his ſoul ſincere,
Who in his God confides his truſt,
  Needs no diſaſter fear.

When troubles compaſs him arround,
  And ſorrows wide diſtend,
When no apparent help is found,
  His God ſhall ſtand his friend.

Not all the ſtorms that ſhake the pole,
  Nor ſweep the foaming main,
Can e'er diſturb his halcyon ſoul,
  Or force him to complain.

Then with unanimous accord,
  Let all the earth combine,

To praiſe the mighty God, the Lord
Eternal and divine.

To God the Father and the Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Let all the earth their praiſes pour,
Not only now—but evermore.

THE FIRST BOOK OF HOMER's ILIAS.

PART I.

THE ARGUMENT.

Chryſes, prieſt of *Apollo*, brings preſents to the Grecian Princes to ranſom his daughter *Chryſeis*, who was priſoner in the fleet. *Agamemnon*, the general, whoſe captive and miſtreſs the young lady was, refuſes to deliver her, threatens the venerable old man, and diſmiſſes him with contumely. The prieſt craves vengeance of his God, who ſends a plague amongſt the

Greeks; which occaſions *Achilles*, their great champion, to ſummon a council of the chief officers: He encourages *Calchas*, the high prieſt and prophet, to tell the reaſon, why the Gods were ſo much incenſed againſt them. *Calchas* is fearful of provoking *Agamemnon*, till *Achilles* engages to protect him: Then, emboldened by the heroe, he accuſes the general as the cauſe of all, by detaining the fair captive, and refuſing the preſents offered for her ranſom. By this proceeding, *Agamemnon* is obliged, againſt his will, to reſtore *Chryſeis*, with gifts, that he might appeaſe the wrath of *Phœbus*; but, at the ſame time, to revenge himſelf on *Achilles*, he ſends to ſeize his ſlave *Briſeis*. *Achilles*, thus affronted, complains to his mother *Thetis*; and begs her to revenge his injury, not only on the general, but on all the army, by giving victory to the Trojans, till the ungrateful King become ſenſible of his injuſtice. At the ſame time, he retires from the camp into his ſhips, and withdraws his aid from his countrymen. *Thetis* prefers her ſon's petition to *Jupiter*, who grants her ſuit. *Juno* ſuſpects her errand, and quarrels with her huſband, for his grant; till *Vulcan* reconciles his parents with a bowl of nectar, and ſends them peaceably to bed.

BEGIN, O muſe, the bold heroic lay,
The ſon of *Peleu*'s fury to diſplay:
Whoſe dire effects the Grecian armies found,
And made his name to all the world renown'd.
Kings, knights, and gen'rals, of unequal'd might,
Through him were launch'd into eternal night! 6

Their

Their mangl'd limbs by dogs and vultures torn:
Thus, was fulfill'd, the oath which *Jove* had ſworn.
From that tremendous hour when wrath begun,
Between *Artrides* great, and *Thetis'* ſon,
What pow'r provok'd, and for what cauſe make known,
Such ſad diſſenſion in their breaſts was ſown;
Jove's and *Latona's* ſon expreſs'd his fire
Of vengeance, at his injur'd prieſt's deſire,
Againſt the King of men, who, fill'd with pride,
The pray'rs and preſents of the ſage deny'd.
At this the God a ſweeping plague ſends out,
Till heaps of ſlain beſtrew the camp about,
The reverend *Chryſes* came in form of peace,
With gold and gifts his daughter to releaſe;
Suppliant before the Grecian cheifs he ſtood,
Arm'd with the awful enſigns of his God;
Bare was his head, and in his hands appear'd,
The relics of the God that he rever'd,
His garb was mean;—at length he ſilence broke,
And thus before the brother princes ſpoke:
Ye ſons of *Atreus*, and ye pow'rs of Greece,
So may the gods who live in endleſs peace,
Proſper your ſiege, nor all your oaths diſown,
But render to your arms Troys haughty town,

So may you ſafe return to eaſe your toils,
To your reſpective homes with richeſt ſpoils;
If you except this ranſom for my love,
Reſpecting *Phœbus* and almighty *Jove*,
And from your bondage ſet my daughter free,
That ſhe, and her ſad ſire, yet joy may ſee.
With loudeſt ſhouts the Greeks the king perſuade,
To take the ranſom and releaſe the maid;
The King of men alone with fury burn'd,
And raging, theſe approbrious words return'd:
Hence! doting ſire, nor dare my wrath to meet!
Leaſt evil ſtay thee in thy ſlow retreat,
Dare not this interdicted place to tread!
Thy god's commiſſion ſhall not for thee plead;
Hence, for thy life! the maid is mine believe,
Who not for gifts or pray'rs thou ſhalt retrieve;
Mine ſhe ſhall be, till time ſhall have decay'd
Her blooming beauties, and her graces fade!
'Till then, ſhe ſhall my regal chamber grace,
And having firſt adorn'd, enjoy the place,
This for the night by day the leaſt of care,
But for her taſte her diet to prepare,
And far recluſe from thy too fond embrace,
And her lov'd home to lead yet happier days.
Along the ſounding main the prieſt returns,
His boſom burns with ire, his child he mourns,

Secure

Secure at length thus to his god he prays,
Who darts arround the world his pow'rful rays,
O ſource of ſacred light! attend my vow,
God of the golden ſhafts and ſilver bow,
If, *Smintheus*, I e'er grac'd thy ſacred fane,
With reeking hecatombs and oxen ſlain,
God of the ſilver bow employ thy darts,
And hide them in the guilty Grecians hearts.
Thus *Chryſes* pray'd,—when from Olympus height,
Down to the earth *Apollo* urg'd his flight,
Bent was his bow, the Grecian hearts to ſlay,
The ſounding ſhafts explore the fatal way,
A gloomy darkneſs roll'd arround his head,
Which with a hideous glare, the Grecian camp o'erſpread;
He twang'd his bow, the direful plague began,
On dogs and mules, and laſtly fix'd on man.
Nine nights th' infection ravages ſevere,
And nought but diſmal funeral piles appear;
But e'er the tenth revolving day was run,
By heav'n's great queen, inſpire fair *Thetis'* ſon,
Conven'd to council all the Grecian hoſt,
For much the goddeſs mourn'd her heroes loſt,
The kings aſſembled from amongſt the reſt,
Pelides, *Agamemnon* thus addreſs'd:

Why

Why quit we not this interdicted ſtrand
And croſs the ſeas, each to his native land?
Such heaps of woes on us at once are pour'd,
Within the camp the plague without the ſword;
But let a prophet or a ſage be found,
Who may the cauſe of all thoſe ills expound,
Or learn ſome means th' infection to prevent,
By myſtic dreams, for dreams from *Jove* are ſent.
If broken oaths on us this curſe hath laid,
Let altars ſmoak, and hecatombs be paid,
That ſo we may appeaſe the angry god,
And earth no more be glutted with our blood.
Thus to the king of men *Pelides* ſpoke,
When *Calchas* the deſir'd occaſion took,
The ſacred ſeer, whoſe penetrating view,
The paſt, the preſent, and the future knew,
Chief of the augurs who had led before,
The Grecian armies to the Trojan ſhore;
When thus the ſage, with graceful mein aroſe,
To ſolve the cauſe and cure of all their woes,
Belov'd of Heav'n, would'ſt thou I ſhould reveal
Why *Sol*'s exaſperated?—muſt I tell?
Plight firſt thy oath, inviolably true,
To ſave me from thoſe ills that may enſue,
For I muſt truths reveal would damp the heart,
Of him whoſe pow'r can life and death impart!

Kings

Kings ſure muſt hate their ſubjects who condemn,
Each ſimple pleaſure, and their fault contemn,
For tho' in the reproof we mean no harm,
Reſentment, ſoon or late, their ſouls alarm,
And burſting forth in flames, devouring ſlay,
The helpleſs wretch with unreſiſted ſway.
Secure me with thy pow'rful patronage,
And ſcreen us from *Atrides*'s impious rage.
To whom *Pelides*, from his inmoſt breaſt,
Speak what thou knoweſt, let nothing be ſuppreſt?
E'en by that God who rules the day I ſwear,
That long as I ſhall breath this vital air,
Not one from all the pow'rful hoſt of Greece,
Shall dare preſume to interrupt thy peace;
Nor e'en the King of men who leads our band,
Shall daring harm thee with an impious hand.
Encourag'd thus, the blameleſs ſeer replies,
Nor vows unpaid, nor ſlighted ſacrifice,
But he the tyrant, whom none dare reſiſt,
Provokes *Apollo* in his injur'd prieſt;
Nor will the god his furious wrath aſſuage,
But more vehement the contagion rage,
Except the King of men ſhall free releaſe,
The black-ey'd captive to her ſire in peace;
Perhaps with added ſacrifice and pray'r,
The prieſt may pardon, and the god may ſpare.

Thus

Thus ſpoke the ſeer, no farther could diſcloſe,
When from his throne the king of men aroſe!
Within his boſom burn'd the raging ire,
Whilſt from his eye-balls frowns reproach the ſire;
Augur of ill, whoſe tongue was never found,
Without a prieſtly curſe, or bodeing ſound,
For through that mouth ne'er yet one bleſt event,
Thy mad prophetic breaſt to me hath ſent,
And now thou doſt attack the throne with lies,
Thy practice in that buſineſs makes the wiſe,
For this doſt thou thy god commiſſion bring,
And teach my troops to murmer at their king,
Becauſe I captive hold the beauteous fair,
And her prefer before a prophet's pray'r;
Adorn'd alike in manners and in grace,
Deſerving well to bleſs my fond embrace;
Not half ſo dear were *Clytemneſtra*'s charms,
When firſt that queen enjoy'd my regal arms.
But ſince the conflict cannot be withſtood,
Let her depart,—my aim's the public good;
The beauteous captive freely I'll reſign,
So dearly lov'd by me—ſo juſtly mine.
To *Chryſes*' iſle, we'll ſtraight tranſport the fair,
On you it reſts my ſuff'rage to repair.
Inſatiate prince! *Pelides* thus reply'd,
Still great in pow'r, ſurpaſſing all in pride!

Tena-

Tenacious prince, would'ſt thou the Greeks ſhould yield,
The lawful prize of many a well fought field?
Whate'er by dint of ſword each ſoldier got,
Is each his own by dividend of lot:
But to reſume whate'er thy av'rice craves,
(That trick of tyrants) may be born by ſlaves,
Yet if our chief but only fights for ſpoils,
The ſack of *Ilion* ſhall reward his toils,
Then ſhall the Greeks to thee their bounty ſend,
And each with int'reſt thy great ſhare amend.
When thus the King;—ſhall I then be bereft
Of my fair ſlave, and thine with thee be left?
Who from the midſt of war I conqu'ring led,
Let firſt the juſt equivolent be paid?
Grant this requeſt,—or by the gods I ſwear,
This hand ſhall ſeize ſome other captive fair;
The man who ſuffers loudly may complain,
And rage he may, but he ſhall rage in vain:
But more on this we may diſcourſe henceforth,
We now muſt paſs to things of more important worth,
A ſhip prepar'd to plow the foaming main,
And ſend fair *Chryſeis* ſafe return'd again,
With oars and choſen pilots for the ſeas,
And ſacrifice, bright *Phoebus* to appeaſe,

The fair ſhall ſoon embark, the ſhip be mann'd,
Some of our princes ſhall the ſhip command,
This Creta's king, or *Ajax* ſhall fulfil,
Or wiſe *Ulyſſes* ſee perform'd, our will;
Or if our grand imperial order doom,
Pelides ſhall conduct her to her home,
Beſt ſuited of our hoſt for the intent,
And by whoſe pray'rs ſtern *Smyntheus* may relent.
At this, *Achilles* roll'd his furious eyes,
Fix'd on the king aſkant,—and thus replies;
Inglorious wretch! ſtill mindful of thy own,
Whoſe thoughts ſtill center on thy ſelf alone!
What Greek ſhall there be found amongſt our band,
By thee ordain'd, ſhall dare to lift his hand?
Or in aſſiſtance offer to deſtroy,
The lofty walls of high Neptunian Troy?
Not I; nor ſuch inforc'd reſpect I owe,
Nor Troy I hate, nor *Priam* is my foe:
What wrong have I ſuſtain'd from diſtant Troy,
Or leave for them my native ſoil of joy?
With thee, we ſail'd our legions from afar,
T' avenge a private, not a public war;
For thee a tedious combat we prolong,
Thy brother's ſuff'ring, not a country's wrong;

Is this the recompence that we deſerve?
Diſgrac'd and ſcandal'd by the man we ſerve!
And would'ſt thou, tyrant, bear my ſlave away?
The lawful right of many a well-fought day;
Thine in each triumph's ſtill the richeſt ſpoil,
Tho' mine the ſad fatigue, and weary toil,
Nor grudge I thee, the much the Grecians give,
Nor murm'ring take the little I receive;
But I no longer ſtay at thy command,
Swift ſhall my ſhips explore my native land;
Left by *Pelides* on the Phrygian ſhore,
Let proud *Atrides* there my loſs deplore.
When thus the King of men;—fly, warrior, fly!
Thy aid we need not, and thy threats defy;
I will not want aſſiſtance to the war,
Jove will aſſert my right, and hear my pray'r,
But thou, of all the kings, (his care below)
Art leaſt at my command, and moſt my foe;
Strife and debate employ thy reſtleſs ſoul,
Wrath, rage, diſſention, war, and rapines foul;
If thou haſt ſtrength, yet know, vain man, 'twas giv'n
To thee, from God, for ſtrength proceeds from heav'n.
Haſte, launch thy veſſels, ſeek thy native land,
And thy reluctant myrmydons command:

But ſince the gods my beautious captive claim,
Soon ſhall a ſhip tranſport the black-ey'd dame;
Within the port the ſable bark attends,
Mann'd at my charge, commanded by my friends.
But yet, imperious prince, this arm of mine,
Shall ſeize ſome other fair—nor one but thine;
E'en from thy tent the virgin ſhall be ta'en,
Rage as thou wilt, thou ſhalt reſiſt in vain,
Hence ſhalt thou know the rigour of my might,
And curſe the hour thou firſt oppos'd my right.
Pelides heard, with grief and rage oppreſt,
His eyes flaſh'd fire, black choler ſwell'd his breaſt,
Two equal paſſions in his mind parade,
Now fir'd by rage, and now by reaſon ſway'd,
Now urg'd by rage to draw the fatal ſword,
Ruſh through the thronging Greeks and pierce
their haughty Lord!
Whilſt friendly reaſon with her genial balm,
Swift flies, his ſoul to ſoothe and rage to calm.
Whilſt thus in deep ſuſpence the champion ſtood,
With doubtful eyes the half-drawn blade he view'd;
When *Pallas* quick deſcended from above,
Commiſſion'd by th' eternal ſpouſe of *Jove*;
Th' imperial queen the combat diſapprov'd,
Since both ſhe favour'd, and both equal lov'd,

A fable cloud the blue-ey'd dame enfolds,
Whilſt by his hair the raging chief ſhe holds.
With fear he view'd, thus to the goddeſs ſaid,
Known by the lambient flame that round her play'd,
Deſcends *Minerva*, in her care to know,
The wrongs her injur'd prieſt doth undergo?
Then let thoſe heav'nly eyes which view my wrongs,
Proclaim the veng'ance which to ſuch belongs,—
Forbear; the daughter of great *Jove* rejoin'd,
For thee I left my father's court behind,
To calm thoſe tumults raging in thy mind.
Let great *Pelides* heav'n's commands obey,
And peaceful reaſon all his paſſions ſway:
This mandate from *Saturnia*'s mouth I bear,
The king and you her equal umbrage ſhare.
Let great *Atrides* feel thy hateful word,
But ſheath, immediate, this avenging ſword;
The fated hour, e'er this, is on the way,
When he the foul encroachment ſhall repay;
Superb *Atrides* ſhall implore thy aid,
And bribe thy arms with golden ranſoms paid.
Hence let thoſe jaring tumults be ſupreſt,
The gods obey, and can thy ireful breaſt?
When thus *Pelides* to the blue-ey'd maid;—

'Tis

'Tis juſt, O Queen, and heav'n ſhould be obey'd.
Hard as it is my fury I retard,
Since thoſe that heav'n revere the gods reward;
He ſaid, believing of the heav'nly maid,
Then in the ſheath, reluctant, plung'd the blade.
Her meſſage ended:—ſwift to heav'n ſhe flies,
And mingl'd with the ſenate of the ſkies.
Nor yet the tumults of his ſoul had ceas'd,
But by the goddeſs fan'd again increas'd,
Whea thus he vents what could not be ſuppreſs'd;
Thou monſter oddly form'd! thou brute obſcene!
A growling dog without, a panting deer within!
Who e'er beheld thee mounted on thy car,
Amidſt the thronging fight, or front of war?
'Twas our's to ſtand the horrid chance of fight,
Thine at a diſtance to behold the ſight.
By much 'tis eaſier in the camp to ſtay,
To rob the ſubjects, than the foe to ſlay.
The brave the baſe of all mankind they hate,
Sent in *Jove*'s anger to an abject ſtate,
Forgetful of all generous favours paſt,
Us'd as thou art to wrongs or this had been thy laſt.
Now by this ſceptre ſolemnly I ſwear,
Which never more ſhall leaves or branches bear,

Torn

Torn from the trunk and hence in pieces cleft,
I leave thee as this branch its parent cedar left,
A gift from mighty *Jove*, with pow'r to thoſe,
Who laws diſpenſe, and grievious wrongs oppoſe;
By this I ſwear, when Greece ſhall call again,
Her legions then ſhall ſeek my aid in vain;
When conqu'ring *Hector* comes his arms to wield,
His equal deaths to deal with corps to ſtrew the field,
Then ſhall the King of men condemn his hate,
And ſeek my friendſhip when it is too late.
Thus ſaid, and as he ſpoke, he ſternly frown'd,
His glitt'ring ſceptre daſh'd againſt the ground:
Thus ſaid, he ceas'd: *Atrides*'s boſom burn'd
With ire, whilſt in his teeth the foam he churn'd;
When now deſirous the diſpute to cloſe,
Swift from his ſeat ſagacious *Neſtor* roſe,
Before th' aſſembl'd chiefs, erect he ſtood,
Whilſt from his mouth words ſweet as honey flow'd;
Two centuries of years the ſage fulfill'd,
Nor in the riſing third was one more ſkill'd.
All were attentive to the rev'rend man,
Who with perſuaſive council thus began:—
What worſe can Grecian glory undergo,
Or what can more excite the Phrigian foe,
Than thus by wrath to ſtimulate our woe?

Why

Why have the gods adverſe allow'd this ſpleen,
The braveſt chieftians of our hoſt between?
Thoſe dire commotions of your ſouls aſſuage,
And take inſtructions from experienc'd age;
E'er you, I knew a noble race of men,
Such as thoſe eyes ſhall ne'er behold again,
What chief like *Perithous* can we behold?
Like *Dryas* great, or *Ceneus* brave and bold?
Great *Theſeus* too, with matchleſs might endow'd,
And *Polypheme*, in combat like a god?
With theſe I went companion of the war,
An equal part of toil and fame to ſhare,
With them the griſly tyger I purſu'd,
And with their ſavage gore the ground embru'd,
The ſhaggy centaurs in obedience ſtand,
And gaze ſubmiſſive when I gave command.
If to my youthful councils thoſe attend,
You well to doubl'd years may condeſcend,
Seize not *Atrides* with deſpotic might,
The conqueſt Greece proclaims the public right.
Nor thou *Pelides*, ſov'reign pow'r diſdain,
Let monarchs concord as their crowns maintain,
To thee all honour from the battle nods,
A goddeſs born, in proweſs like the gods!
Superior pow'r to *Atreus*'s ſon is giv'n,
Or men may vie the ſcepter'd ſons of heav'n.

Let

Let both unanimous in peace agree,
That ſtrength may mingle with authority.
Achilles ſtill is worthy of our care,
The pride of Greece, the bulwark of the war.
Thus *Neſtor* ſpoke, and thus the king rejoin'd,
Thy councils are ſagacious and refin'd,
But his imperial and ungovern'd pride,
Is paſt the force of mortal to ſubſide;
To him ſhall ſov'reign might obſequious fall,
He would be lord and manager of all;
Heav'n gave him ſtrength, convinc'd we this proclaim,
But ſtrength miſus'd collects eternal ſhame,
Thus ſpoke the King:—*Pelides* thus return'd,
Whilſt his fierce eye-balls with freſh fury burn'd,
From thee I well deſerve this foul diſdain,
To be ſubſervient to thy will in vain.
For thee thy vaſſals may obedient ſtand;
But my brave ſoul defies thy baſe command;
Seize on *Briſeis*, tyrant, if thou dare!
Allotted me juſt privilege of war;
Soon the broad falchion, hitherto unknown,
Shall vindicate the flagrant inſult done,
Then know, tho' long my rage thou haſt withſtood
Thoſe hoſtile fields ſhall fatten with thy blood.

Here ceas'd the conteſt;—deep involv'd in thought
The princes each their ſeveral quarters ſought.
Achilles ſwift retires, on veng'ance bent,
His friend *Patroclus* follows to the tent,
Mean time the vengeful King of men commands
A choſen bark for *Chryſeis*'s ſacred lands,
Her hallow'd ſides the beautious fair contain,
Whilſt ſage *Ulyſſes* ſteers her o'er the main,
Within the hecatombs prepared they lay,
Whilſt the fleet veſſels plow the buxom ſea;
The king to expiate the hoſt prepares
The ſolemn ſacrifice and fervent pray'rs,
On *Phoebus*'s altars reeking piles they heap,
And waſh the crimſon entrails in the deep,
The black'ning ſmoke and curling flames aſcend,
Which on the ambient air in ſable clouds diſtend;
Theſe pomps the royal hypocrite deſign'd,
For ſhew; but harbour'd veng'ance in his mind.
To wait his will two hallow'd heralds ſtood,
Talthybius and *Eurybates* the good:
Haſte to the ſon of *Thetus*'s tent he ſaid,
Thence bring with ſpeed the captivated maid,
Yield her he muſt, or if he ſhall reſiſt,
Our hoſt in arms ſhall tear her from his breaſt.
The heralds with reluctant hearts obey,
And penſive wander by the winding ſea,

Arriv'd,

Arriv'd,—the heroe in his tent they find,
His aching forehead on his hand reclin'd,
With anxious cares revolving in his mind;
Silent, they diſtant ſtand, with fear impreſt,
Unwilling to diſcloſe their king's beheſt;
Their deep confuſion ſaw the godlike man,
Who thus, in mild benevolence began:—
Interpreters of gods and men, behold!
Auful your character, and uncontroul'd,
With eaſe I ſolve the embaſſy you bring,
Yet blame not you—but your imperious king.
Patroclus, haſte, lead forth the captive fair,
And let her to the ambitious prince repair.
But ſacred heralds, witneſs what I move,
Before *Atrides*, and the pow'rs above!
That never more, amid the ranks of fight,
This arm ſhall try its yet unrival'd might;
No, Greece involv'd in the unequal war,
Before their tyrants eyes one common death ſhall ſhare,
Blind to the future and in folly loſt,
He pulls his crimes upon his guiltleſs hoſt,
Forc'd from the field in trenches to contend,
And his inſulted camp from foes defend,
He ſaid;—according to the king's command,
Patroclus brings *Briſeis* by the hand,

Then to th' intruſted envoys gives the prize,
Who often turns behind her ſtreaming eyes,
Forc'd from the man ſhe loves, the fair they bring,
With turning ſpeed, a captive to their king
Along the ſterile ſands the chief returns,
Whilſt fierce reſentment in his boſom burns,
Sad o'er the margin of the deep he hung,
That kindred deep from which at firſt he ſprung,
Half drown'd in tears of anguiſh and deſpair,
Thus to his mother mov'd his frantic pray'r :
O goddeſs mother! ſince thy hapleſs ſon,
Hath in the bloom of life his labours done,
Since to ſo great a ſhare of conqueſt born,
Great *Jove* in juſtice ſhould his ſpan adorn?
Honour and fame at leaſt he might have giv'n,
Inſtead of that to fouleſt ſhame I'm driv'n!
Sure here he baſely ſhews the king of heav'n,
Suff'ring *Atrides*, thus by force, not right,
To ſeize my ſlave, the dividend of fight!
The goddeſs heard, plac'd by old *Ocean*'s ſide,
And raiſing, like a miſt, above the tide,
Thus with the energy of ſpeech begun,
To ſoothe the ſorrows of her plaintive ſon;
What grieves my ſon, what new-born cauſe of woe
Diſturbs thy breaſt, thy mother fain would know?

He

He ſighing, thus return'd,—you know too well,
The cauſe of all my grief, nor need I tell,—
The Thebian walls we rais'd with length'ning toils,
And to our ſoldiers left the conquer'd ſpoils;
Chryſeis was the tyrant's voted ſhare,
Chryſeis, comely, beautiful, and fair!
Her father came, *Apollo*'s prieſt, to buy
With proffer'd gold, his daughter's liberty;
Suppliant before the Grecian chiefs he ſtood,
Arm'd with the awful enſigns of his god,
Bare was his head, and in his hands appear'd
The relics of the god that he rever'd,
His garb was mean, at length he ſilence broke,
And thus before the brother princes ſpoke:
With loudeſt ſhouts the Greeks the king perſuade,
To take the ranſom and releaſe the maid.
The King of men inſenſible to pray'r,
Repels the prieſt with ſupercilious air;
Thou wrathful ſeer whoſe rage ſubſides reſtraint,
Implores his god,—his god attends his plaint,
A direful plague enſues, the darts are toſs'd,
That fatally infect the Grecian hoſt.
A ſeer profoundly ſkill'd, at length aroſe,
And ſolv'd the cauſe and cure of all their woes;

Myſelf

Myſelf the firſt conven'd the princely train,
And urg'd the ſacred ſlave to be reſtor'd again.
The god appeas'd, his fury ſeiz'd the prince,
And what he threat'ned then, he practis'd ſince;
Her, Greece conducted to her ſire's abode,
With hecatombs to pacify the god,
But from their haughty king his heralds came,
And ſeiz'd, by his command, my captive dame;
But thou if poſſible it may be done,
Give proper veng'ance to thy injur'd ſon?
Aſcend with ſpeed and urge my cauſe on high,
Before the mighty Maſter of the ſky,
If thou by word or deed, haſt e'er impreſt,
One print of love in his judicious breaſt,
Urge him by that, for often haſt thou ſaid,
Thy pow'r was once not uſeleſs in his aid;
When he who rules the heav'n's empyreal round,
Was by rebellious gods in fetters bounds,
When *Juno*, *Pallas*, and the King of main,
Conſpiring roſe to terminate his reign,
Then call'd by thee, the monſter *Titan* came,
(Whom Gods *Briareus*, men *Ægeon* name)
Through heav'n he ſtalks; not half ſo ſtrong the God,
Who ſhakes the earth's foundation with a nod,

Self

Self gaurded near the throne of heav'n he ſtands,
And brandiſhes arround his hundred hands.
The vanquiſh'd gods confeſs their monarch's ſway,
Unbind his fetters, tremble and obey,
The dead to his extenſive mind recall,
Embrace his knees at his tribunal fall,
Implore him to diſperſe our wearied hoſt,
And Troy victorious drive them from their coaſt;
With death confound'd *Ilion*'s walls forſake,
And let his ſlaves their ſov'reign's curſe pertake,
Let *Agamemnon* view with inward pain,
The furious ſlaught'rers and the falling ſlain,
And mourn in blood, that e'er he durſt defame,
The boldeſt warrior of the Grecian name.
O happleſs ſon! the mother goddeſs cries,
Whilſt tears celeſtial trickle from her eyes,
Why was I with maternal pains decreed;
To bring thee forth with tedious toils to breed
And but collected evils to ſucceed?
So ſhort a ſpace to tread this lower ball,
A ſpace to which our number'd ills befal,
O could my pray'rs efficacy but boaſt,
Soon ſhould thy veſſels leave the Phrygian coaſt,
No more ſhould'ſt thou oppoſe the embattl'd field,
Nor poiſe in hoſtile rage thy pond'rous ſhield.
Now ſwift I face the etherial courts above,
And urge thy cauſe before almighty *Jove*.

HORACE, ODE III, BOOK III.

AUGUSTUS had a deſign to rebuild Troy, and make it the metropolis of the Roman Empire: having cloſited ſeveral ſenators on the project.——HORACE is ſuppoſed to have written the following Ode on this occaſion.

THE man of honeſt life, firm to his truſt,
Devoid of ill, benevolent and juſt,
May the rude threats of rabble foes diſdain,
Their bawling clamours and their threats are vain;
The tyrant's frowning looks he doth deſpiſe,
And the ſtern brow and harſheſt voice defies,
And with ſuperior greatneſs rolls his eyes;
Not the rude tempeſt whoſe vaſt ſurge deforms,
The Adriatic gulph and vexes it with ſtorms,
The ſtubborn virtues of his ſoul can move,
Nor the red arm of threat'ning angry *Jove*,
Who from the ſky the forky light'nings dart,
Who rage and fury equally impart.

In

Should one confuſion ſeize on all the world,
In a void chaos heav'n and earth be hurl'd,
He unconcern'd would hear the thunders roll,
And unapal'd would gaze at nature's fall.
Such were the godlike arts that led the bright,
The noble *Pollux* to the realms of light,
Such did the great *Alcides* plead the caſe,
And gain'd him in the ranks of gods a place.
Auguſtus now mixt in the heav'nly roll,
Quaffs with the gods the ſacred nectar bowl,
His ruddy lips with hallow'd tincture ſhine,
And with immortal ſtains they glow divine,
By arts like theſe, did young *Lyacus* riſe,
His griſly tygers drew him to the ſkies,
Wild from the defert, whence they ne'er had roam'd,
In vain their eye-balls roll'd, in vain they foam'd,
Their ſavage nature to the laſh he broke,
And tam'd the hideous monſters to the yoke.
Such were the ways that Rome's great founder fought,
Who in a whirlwind up to heav'n was caught;
His mortal body from him ſtraight he toſt,
And in a god the glorious monarch loſt;
'Twas then bright *Juno* awful ſilence broke,
And thus th' aſſembl'd deities beſpoke,

Troy, ſaid the goddeſs, with an awful ſound,
The dire effects of tyrants guilt has found,
The tow'ring piles, the ſoft and calm abodes,
Whoſe walls were founded by the ſervile gods,
In wilder'd ruin now dejected ſpreads,
The lofty battlements bow down their heads,
An empire, cruel, partial, and unjuſt,
And a laſcivious woman's impious luſt;
Now o'er her head, heav'n's judgements all impend,
And in the mould'ring duſt ſhe meets her end;
Oh! falſe *Laomedon*, tyrannic ſire,
Who durſt defraud th' immortals of their hire!
Thy guardian gods their ſuccours diſavow,
Nor to the foe their contradiction ſhew,
To my reſentment and *Minerva*'s cheat,
The king and people their deſtruction meet;
But now the noiſe of jarring wars are o'er,
The Grecian fair adultreſs ſhines no more!
No more doth *Hector*, the bright ſhield diſplay,
Who in the field ſo often gain'd the day;
My vengeance now on Troy is ſatisfied,
To *Mars* let Trojan offspring be apply'd,
Advanc'd to god-head let the victor riſe,
And take his happy ſtation in the ſkies;

His

His eyes with ſcenes of pleaſure entertain,
In endleſs glory he ſhall ſtill remain,
And with the gods ſhall quaff immortal wine,
And ſee adoring nations croud his ſhrine;
The ſmall remains of Troy's afflicted band,
May find a refuge on ſome deſert land,
And concord in a diſtant clime enjoy,
But far be ſeparated Rome from Troy,—
Divided by the ſea, from that curs'd ſhore,
Between, let rolling ſtorms and tempeſts roar;
Still let that curs'd and ſad deteſted place,
Where *Priam* lies, and Priam's guilty race,
Be cover'd o'er with weeds and hid in graſs.

WANTON WOMAN;

(A NEW SONG.)

I.

NO more let pining youths complain,
For woman falſe and cruel,
May diſappointment vex the ſwain
That breathes forth *love* and *jewel*;
Love's nothing but a frantic flame,
A paſſion moſt profeſt in game,
And none aſſume the fictious name
So much as wanton Woman.

II.

How many meet their overthrow,
By Woman's curſt devices?
That men ſhould thus affect them ſo,
My humour much ſurpriſes;

How

How many men e'en heav'n neglect,
When female ſmiles their hearts infect,
What happineſs can we expect,
To find in wanton Woman?

III.

If Cupid with a partial dart,
Alarm our inclinations,
The poiſon rankles in the heart,
And agitates the paſſions;
But when our torments we declare,
And ſeek for comfort from the fair,
We then behold how ſmall's the ſhare,
Of love in wanton Woman.

IV.

Old Adam, father of mankind,
By woman's curſt perſuaſions,
Was baniſh'd from his ſeat divine,
And brought to deſolation;
Nought could controul Eve's reſtleſs mind,
She broke the law which heav'n enjoin'd,
And for an apple damn'd mankind!
E'en this did wanton Woman.

V.

Fair Helen by her lude intrigue,
Brought thouſands to perdition,
Deſolv'd the matrimonial league,
And left the royal Grecian,
Through her what numbers yield their breath,
On diſtant Phrygia's hoſtile heath?
Untimely huſh'd in ſable death,
The cauſe,—all wanton Woman.

VI.

Bold Sampſon by Deliah's wilds,
Met his untimely ruin,
When ſhe with fond falacious ſmiles
Contriv'd his baſe undoing;
Nor better fate Antonius found,
When he by Egypt's queen was bound,
His love with care and death was crown'd,
Miſled by wanton Woman.

VII.

Unhappineſſus too, betray'd
By his unnat'ral daughter,
Firſt loſt his locks that ſav'd his head,
His crown and kingdom after!

Young

Young Tarpea too ungen'rous maid,
The Roman Capitol betray'd,
How then too much can be diſplay'd,
The get of wanton Woman.

VIII.

But ſatire with a kindly veil,
Conceal their imperfections,
Still partial fancy will prevail,
All muſt not meet objections;
Though they in gen'ral may condemn,
More candid we'll behave than them,
Nor for a part the whole contemn,
All are not wanton Woman.

WOMAN's THE THING.

(A NEW SONG)

I.

OF all the enjoyments of nature,
In autumn, or ſummer, or ſpring,
No bleſſing in being is greater
Than Woman—for Woman's the thing.

II.

Old Adam the firſt in creation,
Was o'er the whole univerſe king,
Was never content in his ſtation,
Until he beheld the dear thing.

III.

The hermit recluſe in his cavern,
Content with what nature may bring,
Is pleas'd as a prince in a tavern,
With woman—for woman's the thing.

Old

IV.

Old Darby with Joan by his ſhoulder,
Delights in his doatage to ſing,
In tranſport he turns to behold her,
Rememb'ring ſhe once was the thing.

V.

And Orpheus that heav'nly muſician,
Who play'd on the ſweet ſounding ſtring,
Went to hell in a woeful condition,
Becauſe he had loſt the dear thing.

VI.

The famous and great Alexander,
When o'er the whole world he was king,
Own'd woman to be his commander,
For woman, he ſaid, was the thing.

VII.

The ſot with his glaſs and his bottle,
Is proud as an Indian king,
Loquatious as old Ariſtotle,
Becauſe he enjoys the dear thing.

VIII.

The miſer who crawls in his treaſures
And cloſe to his coffers doth cling,
Declares they're trifling pleaſures,
To woman—for woman's the thing.

IX.

The paſtors and teachers of churches,
There ſermons will fervently ring,
Yet care not at all if they purchaſe,
When done what they ſay is the thing.

X.

See Teague to the opera-houſe bundle,
To hear the fair choriſters ſing,
His laſs he doth eagerly fondle,
By St. Patrick, ſays he, ſhe's the thing.

XI.

The Sailor red-row from the ocean,
To frolic his doxy will bring,
He values not wealth or promotion,
'Tis Moll—and but Moll is the thing.

XII.

And tho' I like a poor ſilly creature,
For other's diverſion will ſing,
Yet I ſhould ſing ſix times the ſweeter,
Had I in my arms the dear thing.

A *New* LOVE SONG about MURDER!

TO BE SUNG IN CHARACTER.

(Tune "*La Belle Catherine.*")

WELL then at length I ſhall begin,
Since you ſo much deſire me,
But what the devil muſt I ſing?
I've nought but what will tire me;
O yes, I have, but pray excuſe
All faults and imperfections,
Since you yourſelves the ſubject chuſe,
You ſhould make no reflections.

II.

I'll tell you what I'll ſing about,
Before I go much further,
'Tis LOVE, could I but get it out,
Love intermixt with MURDER!
Love! why you'll ſay that's mighty queer,
And *Murder!* that's ſtill queerer,
But when the ſequel you ſhall hear,
The matter will look clearer.

III.

'Tis you that makes me love my dear,
By heav'ns I can't avoid it,
My beating heart, ye gods I fear,
Her beauty has deſtroy'd it,
Her glancing eyes and roſy cheeks,
What tranſport to behold her!
Now if I thought 'twould not her vex,
Cloſe in theſe arms I'd fold her.

IV.

Her charms ſo captivate my heart,
I can make no reſiſtance,
O Cupid, Cupid, take my part,
And bring me quick aſſiſtance,

To molify her ſtubborn ſoul
To-night before to-morrow,
Or elſe in ſpite of all controul,
Death ſoon ſhall end my ſorrow.

V.

Down on my knees I crave your love,
Your pity and affection,
Applaud my ſuite ye pow'rs above,
Nor plunge me in diſtraction,
For if ſhe does my ſuit deny,
And frown on me much further,
Without her I ſhall ſurely die;
And that is downright murder!

VI.

But ſince your ſmile I yet may hope,
You will not be ſo cruel,
Whilſt pleaſures thus run in full ſcope,
I'll claſp my deareſt jewel,
Content with thee through life till death,
I'd fear no miſadventure,
And when fate ſhall ſupreſs my breath,
I'll die;—no man contenter.

A NEW TECHNICAL SONG.

[A certain gentleman of B——h entertained a moſt ludicrous and ſtrange ardour for the practice of war, and hoſtile atchievements, being inſpired with a ſpirit ſomewhat like that which ſpurred on the illuſtrious and celebrated Knight of La Mancha; though the perſon in queſtion was never ſo much provoked to warlike immaginations, as when his pericranium was totally obnubulated with the circumvolving, or rather ſoporiferous exhalations of *bibical infuſions*. Annually on the 1ſt of January, he convened an aſſembly of the young men of the town, who followed him in a battalic order, each carrying a muſquet or ſword, performing all the manœuvres it was in his power to adminiſter. A drum and fife ſounded before them, whilſt a protemporary enſign appointed for that purpoſe, carried a magnificent colour, on which was depicted a flying cherub, with this motto circumſcribed, "*Honour to the King, and ſucceſs to General Potter*" The doughty champion marched formidably in the van of his regiment, with a drawn ſword in his hand, which he brandiſhed with the ſame ſeeming ſanguinary zeal, and undauntneſs of ſoul, as though he had been immediately going to engage in the moſt deſperate action. His men fired ſeveral vollies at ſeveral parts of the town, which they did very diſtinctly.

tinctly. The following SONG was compoſed at the requeſt of the General, and which gave him the greateſt ſatisfaction, though perhaps it may not to all the public, yet I beg their pardon, ſeeing it had not been inſerted but on the account of ſingular deſire.]

I.

NO more of Cæſar will we ſing,
Nor Alexander's fame,
Brave *Potter* to the world affords,
A more illuſtrious name;
His patriot ſoul with zeal is fir'd,
To ſerve great George his king,
Whilſt all th' emotions honour prompts,
Freſh in his boſom ſpring.

II.

Old poets ſing of Hector's ſtrength,
And great Achilles's ſhield,
How they like lions furious fought,
Amidſt the purpl'd field;
But what of all their conquering ſwords,
Or proud vindictive rage?
More noble and more loyal thoughts,
Brave *Potter*'s mind engage.

There's

III.

There's Granby, Churchill, and who not,
Britannia's warlike crew,
With How, Cornwallis, Linton, Wolf,
And heroes not a few;
But what of all the ſons of war,
The world ſo loud proclaim?
Their views were but on int'reſt bent,
Brave *Potter*'s are on fame.

IV.

His ſtern heroic countenance,
Such martial boldneſs ſhews,
That him, the mighty Ferdinand
Would tremble to oppoſe!
Bold Majeſty his brow adorn,
His eye-balls beam with fire,
Whilſt all the glories of the brave,
In him alone conſpire.

V.

When he and his battalion bold,
The village ſtreets parade,
Firm in his hand he wields aloft,
The bright refulgent blade;

Submiſſive

Submiſſive to their chieftians call,
The ready troops obey,
And rank and file the phalanx form,
Preſent—and fire away!

VI.

To right about! the Gen'ral cries,
And form a rank entire,
Make ready this platoon brave boys,
Reload, preſent, and fire!
Whilſt dauntleſs in the front he ſtands,
To iſſue his command,
Or fearleſs marches at their head,
Auguſt with ſword in hand.

VII.

Then let us drink our Gen'rals health,
And all his jovial ſouls,
Likewiſe great George our ſov'reign lord,
In over-flowing bowls;
Let us in drinking end the night,
Which is ſo well begun,
And toaſt the noble *Potter*'s health,
Till the returning ſun.

THE HAPPY COUPLE;

A PASTORAL.

(BY AN UNKNOWN HAND.)

" HARMONY TO BEHOLD IN WEDDED PAIR,
" MORE GRATEFUL THAN HARMONIOUS SOUND TO TH' EAR."
Milt. P. L.

BENEATH a rev'rend oak whoſe ſpreading boughs
Hung o'er the plain and form'd a pleaſing ſhade,
Two lovers lay exchanging mutual vows;—
The young *Philander* and his long-lov'd maid.

Not leſs in love than Eden's loving pair;
With fond embraces each encircling each;
Strangers to diſcontent, no pain or care,
Save what fond love creates, their breaſts could reach.

" O

" O *Delia*, (thus begun th' enraptur'd ſwain)
When firſt I view'd thy charms devoid of art,
Impetuous tranſport ruſh'd through ev'ry vein,
And inſtant love ſubdu'd my youthful heart.

My boſom then conceiv'd a flame th' effect,
Of outward lovelineſs beyond compare;
But 'twas thy mind, with lovely beauties deck'd,
That fed the flame and firmly fix'd it there.

Without thee *Delia*, all the world could give,
Would ne'er reſtore me to ſweet peace of mind,
Of thee poſſeſt, contented I could live,
In humbleſt ſtate unenvying all mankind!"

" O dear *Philander*, (thus the maid return'd
When big with love her lab'ring breaſt had ſigh'd)
Long has my heart with warmeſt paſſion burn'd,
For thee my ſwain of Eden's banks the pride!

At ev'ry rural wake, my partial eye
Still thee preferr'd—no other youth could move
The tender look and deep expreſſive ſigh;—
And if, as you declare, ſincere you'll prove,

Yon ſplendid orb majeſtic queen of night,
And all the glitt'ring fires that round her burn,

Shall ceaſe to ſpread o'er earth their radient light,
When, thee forſaking, *Delia*'s love ſhall turn."

" O then, (reſum'd the youth with haſty joy)
Why put we off the hour of nuptial bliſs,
Till flying years and poſting age deſtroy,
Our youthful prime, the time to toy and kiſs?—

Next Sunday morn the prieſt, dear maid, ſhall tye
The marriage knot, and join us two in one,
If thou wilt give thine hand;—then *Delia*, I
Shall be the happieſt ſwain theſe plains have known."

The nymph conſented;—to the church they went;
And long have liv'd a truly happy pair,
To bleſs their age, indulgent heav'n has ſent
A num'rous race, as virtuous and as fair.

THE

PEDAGOGUICAL ASSEMBLY.

OF folly's wrath, to wit, the baleful ſpring,
Of num'rous errors, light-heel'd goddeſs ſing,
That wrath which by ſtern Bacchus's ſtern decree,
Reſiſtleſs ſways both ſenſe and dignity:
Say, for what cauſe, this paſſion uncontroul'd,
Alike commands the coward and the bold?
Great Phœbus in his rage expreſs'd his ire,
At elocution's pitiful deſire,
Againſt a race of men fill'd with conceit,
Who ſeem'd more great than wiſe, more wiſe than great:
Suppliant before the god of day ſhe ſtood,
And thus, in pitious pray'r, addreſs'd the god:—
Oh! thou whoſe pow'r for ever once rever'd,
Redreſs'd the prudent, and the fool caſhier'd;

If

If ever wiſdom grac'd thy glorious name,
Or Albion e'er thee for their patron claim?
Hear my complaint, and give the vengeance due,
Nor let unpuniſh'd tumults paſs thy view:
On Cumbria's plains there ſtands a famous town,
Fair CARLISLE call'd, of eminent renown;
Here dwell a race of men whoſe greateſt aim,
Is this, to ſtigmatize my ſpotleſs name.
Great Atlas is the chief, whoſe haughty mind,
Aſpiring ſpurns all ſolid ſenſe behind:
With him a num'rous train, alike in all,
Whoſe dauntleſs ſouls not Phoebus can appal;
Them late with frantic fury fraught I found,
Where the King's-head invites the topers round,
Each in his eaſy chair ſupinely ſar,
With bowls brim full, and miſcellaneous chat;
With argumentive fuſs they long debate,
About the Parliament, the King and State.
Next on Philoſophy they vent their ſkill,
Though all erronious, and ſtupendous ill:
Now with emphatic fire great *D—b—n* ſpoke,
A comic epilogue by way of joke.
Next *S—t* with pow'rful energy of ſoul,
Croak'd o'er a tale their dullneſs to controul:
The college-rules in concert next was ſung,
Whilſt with a ſound the ample ceiling rung.

Next

Next in his courſe ſage *H—w—d*, by deſire,
Made a long harangue on electric fire;
Him *D—b—n* ſeconds, ſwell'd elate with pride,
Though *ne quid nimus*, here was well apply'd.
Their wit exhauſted, now for ale they cry,
The want of underſtanding to ſupply,
Large bowls of Bourdeaux wine they eager quaff,
Then ſtagger round the room, and roar and laugh,
Bowls, bumpers, bottles, feel their frantic pow'r,
And hats and wigs mix a promiſcuous ſhow'r,
Till tir'd at length the madden'd train withdrew,
Myſelf too tir'd their inſolence to view,
Impatient to your heav'nly court I flew.
Fair *Polyhymnia* ceas'd :—when thus the god,
Return'd the muſe with an almighty nod;
O peace! my child, no longer fear the frowns,
Of him who thy prerogative diſowns;
Soon ſhall the man who doth thy rights defame,
Atchieve a glorious and eternal name.
Great *Morpheus* hath beſtow'd his patronage,
With all the pow'r of fantaſtic rage:
Great *Atlas* ſhall the ſkilful world defy,
A perfect maſter of Tautology.
Be reconcil'd, no longer hate the man
Who longs the laws of dullneſs much to ſcan,

Quick

Quick ſtretch thy pinions to the lower earth,
And ſee what new-born nonſenſe takes its birth,
Where CARLISLE rears its lofty tow'rs on high,
And ſeems the northern regions to defy:
Here the affected *D—b—n* ſhalt thou find,
Behind the wall, upon the earth reclin'd;
Prone on the ground, the ſlumb'ring *D—b—n* lies,
Whilſt round his head the morphean vigil flies."
He ſaid, obedient to her ſire's commands,
The yielding muſe her ample wings expands,
With rapid haſte ſhe ſkims the etherial way,
When lo! her wand'ring eyes from far ſurvey
The deſtin'd town,—ſhe ſtimulates her flight,
And low'ring, ſtands on STANWIX's tow'ring height;
Her way o'er Eden's nether bridge ſhe took,
And now her ſteps attain the upper brook,
She ſtroll'd about, at length the bard ſhe found
Supinely ſtretch'd, and ſnoring on the ground:
Arround him beds of drowſy poppies grow,
Whilſt opium exhalations bath'd his brow:
Beneath his head a dictionary lay,
Much worn with uſe and crumpling to decay;
On either hand a globe in order ſtood,
Whilſt heaps of diff'rent books were round him ſtrew'd;

Fair

Fair *Polyhymnia* touch'd the bard, he wakes,
Scar'd by her bright array he quiv'ring ſhakes;
When thus with fault'ring accents he begun,—
Oh! thou, whoſe luſtre far out-ſhines the ſun,
For what account doſt thou forſake the ſkies?
For what account me from my ſlumbers riſe?
Is ſome new fledg'd ſaturnian race conceiv'd?
Or dulneſs from captivity retriev'd?
When thus the muſe: fear not moſt noble youth,
But liſten to the dictates of my mouth;
In all tautologious purſuits advance,
Cancel thy wit, increaſe thy ignorance;
Let other men be wiſe, learn thou from me,
Thy happier fate, and future deſtiny;
Soon ſhall the goddeſs *Dulneſs* from above,
Deſcend, thy lack of folly to improve.
She ſaid, and ſeiz'd the pedant by the hand,
And ſwiftly led him o'er the yellow ſand:
Through Rickergate unknown they paſs along,
And unperceiv'd, eſcape the clam'rous throng,
When lo! the goddeſs vaniſh'd from his view,
Nor left him time to bid a laſt adieu.
The pedant ſtrolls dejected up the ſtreets,
With ſtaring eyes, admiring all he meets:

From ev'ry ſide repeated ſhouts rebound,
And *D—b—n! D—b—n! D—b—n!* was the ſound;
He looks elated at the ſudden call,
Whilſt lines of quidnuncs ſpread along the wall.
At length his eyes behold the well known ſign,
Where ſloth abides, and indolence ſupine;
Here *Pindar* enter'd, and for dinner roar'd,
Which inſtantly appears upon the board;
His knife and fork he plies with buſy care,
Whilſt his corroding jaws the morſels ſquare;
Sir-loins and briſkets feel his mighty pow'r,
And caſks and flagons yield their liquid ſtore:
When now ſuffic'd, to bed the bard retires;
But ſtill fair *Polyhymnia*'s promiſes admires,
And for the great eventful good, with fervent pray'r deſires.
At length the god of ſleep compos'd his eyes,
Supinely ſnoring on his couch he lies;
Nocturnal viſions fleet around his head,
And dreams of future good in long ſucceſſion ſpread.
At length the goddeſs *Dulneſs* from above,
Commiſſion'd by the imperial pow'r of *Jove*;

With out-ſtretch'd wings, ſhe cleaves th' ærial way,
Theſe, our terreſtrial regions to ſurvey:
A gloomy darkneſs roll'd around her head,
Which with tenebrious gleams the ſun o'erſpread;
Her ſable mantle flutter'd in the air,
And wreaths of poppies bound her dangling hair;
In either hand the ſoaring goddeſs held,
An earthen flaſk, with draughts of opium fill'd:
When ne'er deſcending to this low'r world,
By ſlow degrees her ample wings ſhe furl'd,
And low'ring where the ſlumb'ring bard reclin'd,
She thus expreſs'd the tenor of her mind,—
Hail mighty *D—b—n*! quit thy ſoft repoſe,
Enjoy the glory heav'n on the beſtows;
Rouze and attend the extended voice of fame,
Who ſounds to heav'n the honours of thy name.
Stunn'd with the call, the pedant roll'd his eyes,
And views the heav'nly envoy with ſurprize!
But recollecting ſoon his patron maid,
Known by the ſable fogs that crown'd her head;
He thus exulting to the goddeſs ſaid,
Hail mighty queen for what great cauſe unknown,
Doſt thou abandon thy empyreal throne?
Can I be worthy thy attention found,
Who neither am for wit or ſenſe renown'd?

'Twas for this cauſe, the goddeſs quick rejoin'd,
I left Olympus tow'ring height's behind,
That I to thee my friendſhip thus might ſhew,
And hail the chief of dunces here below:
This is the mandate of almighty *Jove*,
And theſe the councils through reſpect I move.
Cancel all underſtanding ſtill, and ſtrive
At ev'ry hint of knowledge to connive;
Condemn all operations but thy own,
And let the world with keeneſt ſatire groan;
Where wit and ſcience ſeem to flouriſh moſt,
In them the groſſeſt imperfections boaſt.
Sterne, Milton, Pope, Steele, Addiſon, and Swift,
By thee ſhall be of all applauſe bereft:
But when Britannia's ſons in dulneſs huſh'd,
Shall feel their ſtrong poetic bulwark cruſh'd;
And thou in ſatire haſt no more to do,
Or no new forming ignorance in view,
To Gallia's ſhores precipitate thy flight,
And damn all Engliſh wiſdom, wit, and ſpite;
There ſhall the ſober ſons of Gallic dulneſs,
Croud round to hear, to ſee, and feel thy fulneſs;
Thy fulneſs of ſobriety and grace,
Thy ſtern, demure, and melancholy face.
She ſaid,---and round his brow a wreath entwin'd,
Of woody nightſhade, poppies too combin'd,

Then

Then pour'd the laudnam on the elected bard;
Mutter'd a deep adieu and diſappear'd.

AN AMICABLE EPISTLE,

HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO

THOMAS DOBINSON, of SCOTBY,

(A BROTHER POET)

Who was very ſolicitous to know what kind of WINE was beſt to be drunk for the compoſition of various parts of Poetry.

WHILST you, kind ſir, in life's gay pleaſure's rove,
Taſting the ſweets of luxury and love,
With heav'n's indulgent bleſſings amply bleſt,
By fortune favour'd, by the muſe careſs'd:
I grovel on through all the cares of life,
In a bewilder'd maze of anxious ſtrife;
Now to *Apollo* make my earneſt pray'r,
With him poetic influence to ſhare;

Invoke

Invoke the muſes ev'ry ſubject try,
And raiſe my various numbers to the ſky:
But when ſtupidity uſurps my brain,
Then all attempts of poetry are vain;
Confuſion ſpreads apace through ev'ry part,
And ſtagnate dulneſs cabinets my heart,—
'Tis then to *Bacchus*, jolly god, I cry,
He who can all deficiencies ſupply.
If *Love*'s ſweet ſoft'ning thoughts eſſay my ſoul,
Still ſweeter *Mountain* ſways the copious bowl:
Or if the muſe of *Satyr* raiſe my ſpleen,
White Port I quaff, which makes the mind more keen;
From its infuſions ſharpeſt thoughts ariſe,
Which points the ſhafts at him we ſatyrize:
But if more bold heroics raiſe my mind,
'Tis then, *Red Port*, thy beneſits I find;
With thee, like furious *Hector*, I can fight,
And dauntleſs meet *Pelides*'s pond'rous might.
This is the courſe in writing I purſue,
Which method I would recommend to you.
As cauſe requires, ſtill be your drink apply'd,
Since want of drinking genius will ſubſide!
Nor yet miſtake the maxim I diſplay,
Each ſort of wine acts its peculiar way.

But if you wiſh to amplify your name,
And ſhine conſpicuous in the liſts of fame?
Still at heroic undertakings aim:
If this you do, *Red Port*'s your fitteſt drink,
Which helps your mind on lofty themes to think.
Thus much for you,—and when you next again,
Shall be determin'd to employ the pen,
To me direct the products of your lay,
For which you thence my muſe ſhall ſtill obey:
But now for want of Wine my muſe grows lag,
So I ſubſcribe myſelf your friend

JOHN STAGG.

FINIS